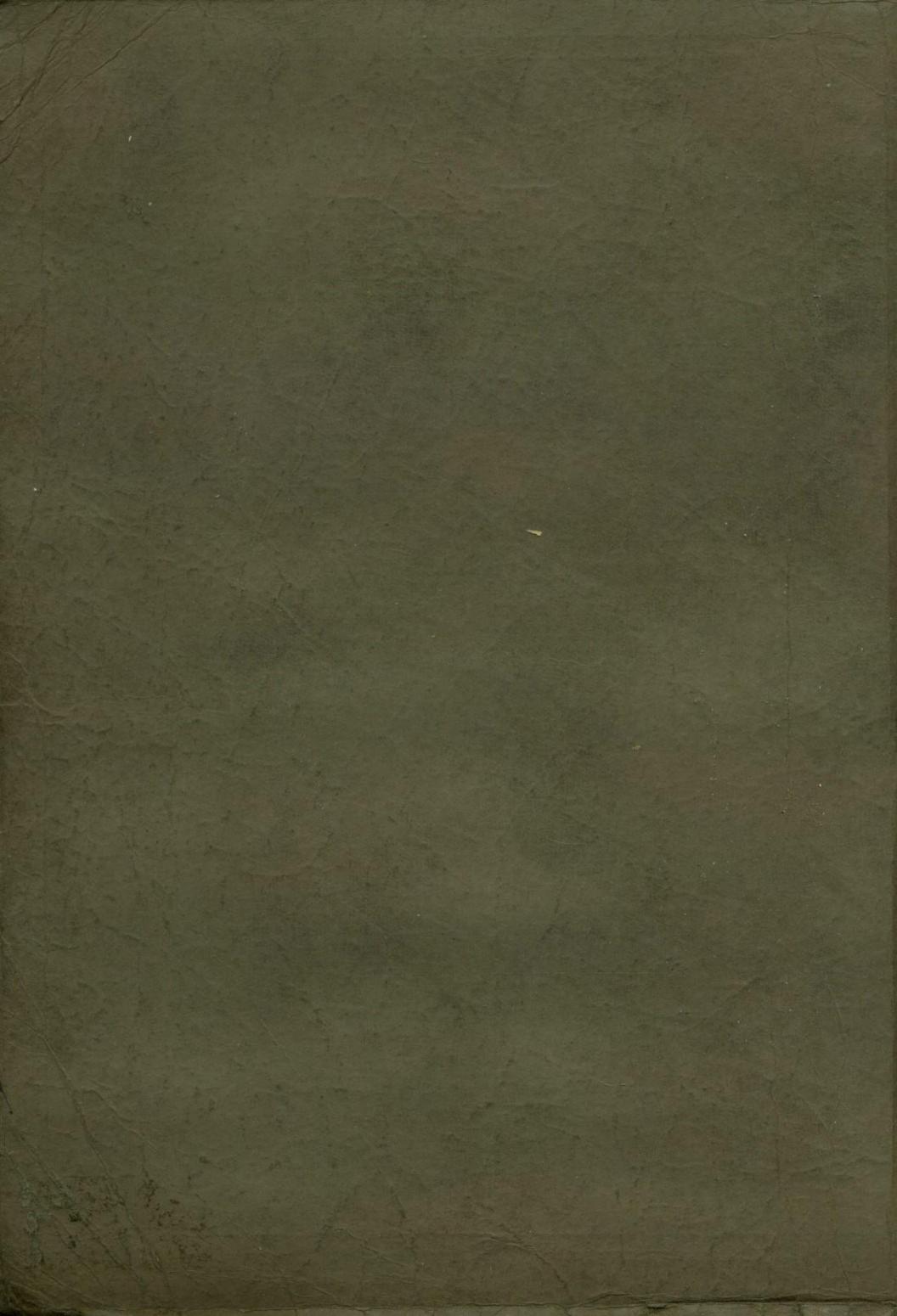
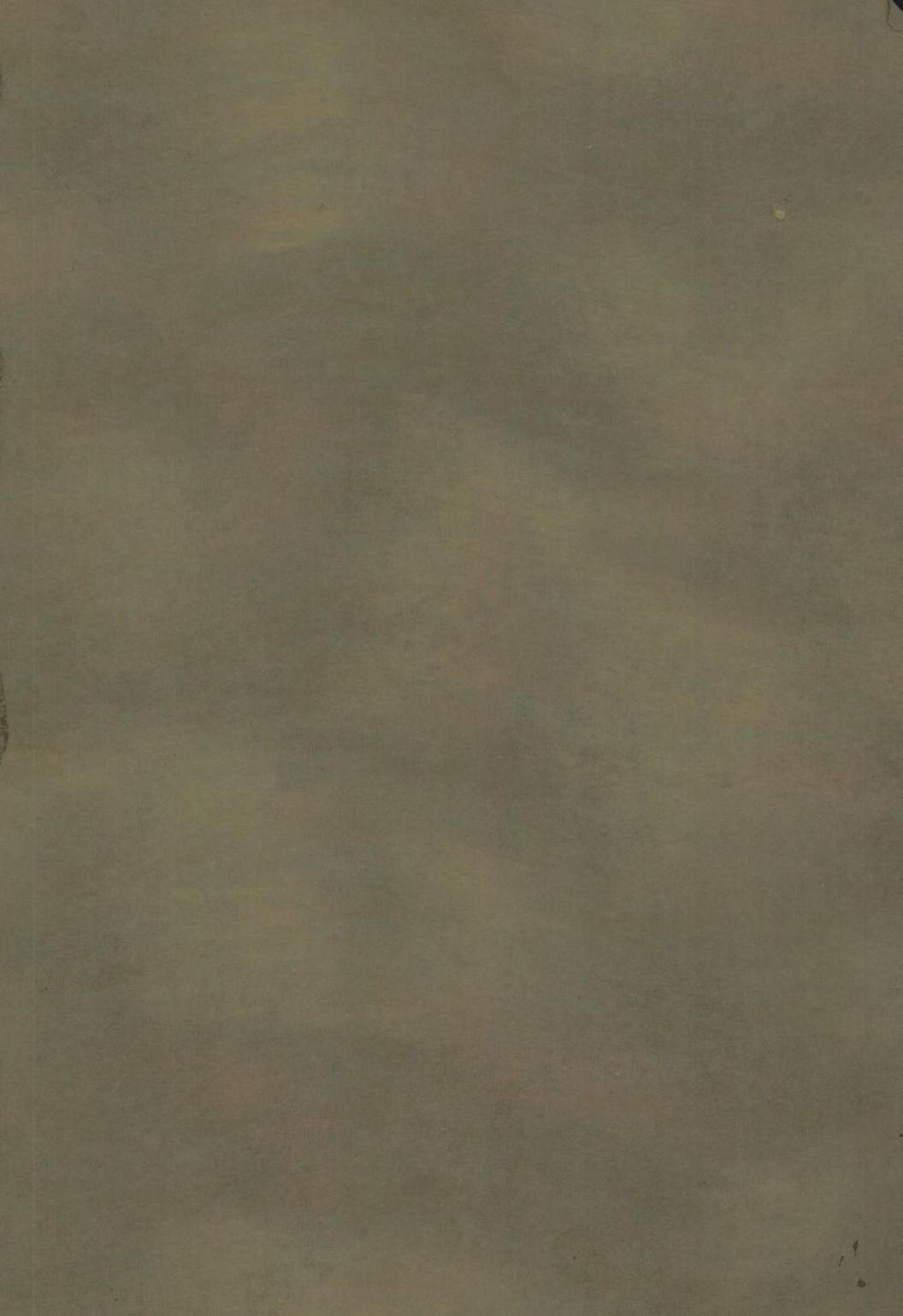
# THE FLAMBEAU

H S 2 8

SENIOR NUMBER







"Betty Salada S. N. S. 129

# FLAMBEAU SANDY HIGH SCHOOL

DUBOIS, PENNSYLVANIA



Volume IX

Published by
THE SENIOR CLASS

Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight

#### Dedication

To one whose eminent fairness has won our respect;

To one whose deep sincerity has made him our guide;

To one who has counseled with help as his motive;

To one who has always given aid when needed;

To one whom we all can remember as friend;

To MR. JOSEPH L. HACKENBERG, we, the Senior

Class of Sandy Hi of '28, do respectfully

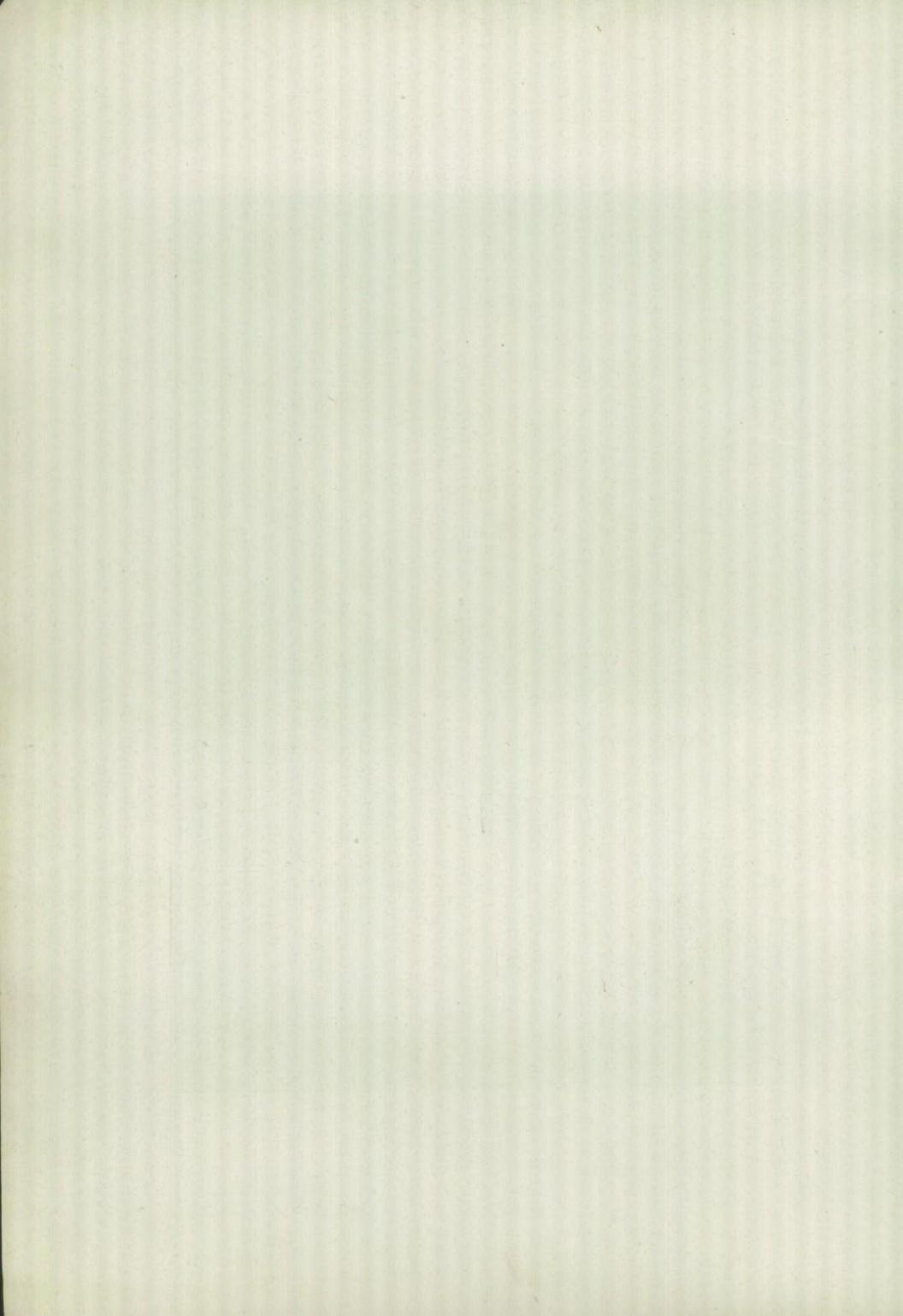
dedicate this issue of

"THE FLAMBEAU"



JOSEPH L. HACKENBERG

Sincerely Joseph L. Hackenberg



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#### Commencement

'Tis coming at last,

That long, long-looked-for day!

Hark! Hear the triumphant blast!

We hasten forth, eager for adventures

Found along the new, untrodden way;

With dauntless faith and kindled hope

To our Commencement Day!

But in our happy flight,

We turn and take

One last long look at the dear sight

Of our fellow classmates

Waving to us our last farewells

That for one saddened moment

A deep regret within us swells

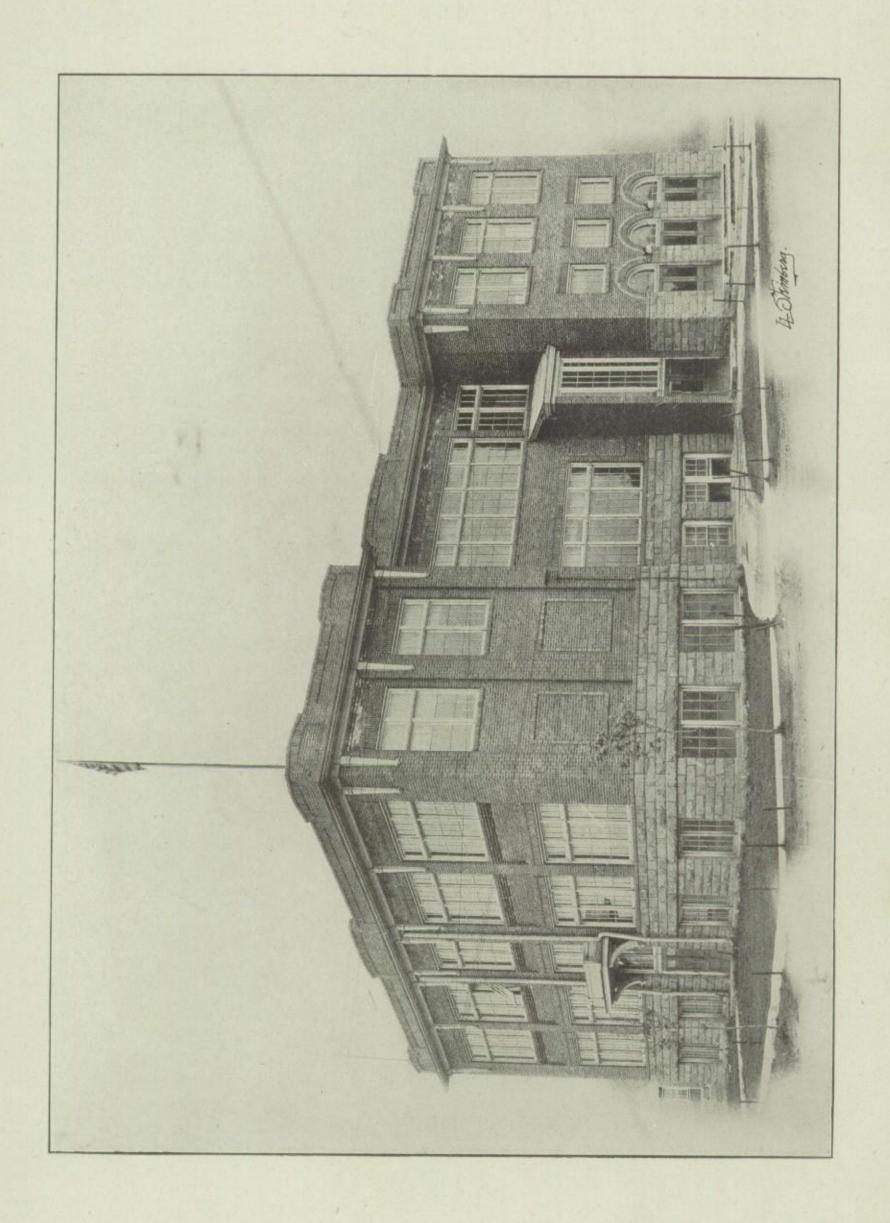
And we wish that we might stay;

But we must hurry forward

To our Commencement Day!

We hasten o'er the hills—
A laughing, joyous throng—
And hastening o'er the hills
We'll be merely forty strong.
'Tis coming! Oh, 'tis coming!
All clad in sombre gray,
And we, the class of '28,
Greet our Commencement Day.

-Martha Sturm, '28.







#### A Parting Word

We have worked, studied and toiled on
Until we have reached our goal,
And now we can look back upon
The dear old days we spent in school.

And now a word, a parting word
Before we separate,
I hope your minds will all be spurned
The best to emulate.

My deepest thanks, my warmest love
To my teachers, the girls and boys,
I fondly wish where e'er you rove,
No harm will mar your joys.

And now farewell, the day declines,
The sun is on the wane,
The shadows fall, the curtains drop,
We break our school days chain.

-Vivian Kelly '28











# WILLIAM WARREN SPIGELMYER A. B., A. M., P. D.

Susquehanna Academy—1892-1896

Susquehanna University—1896-1900

This is Professor Spigelmyer's sixth year at Sandy, and because of his honesty, straight-forwardness and helpfulness, he has won a place in the heart of every member of the Class of '28 as well as every pupil in the school. Prof. Spigelmyer does not fail to visit and lead our chapel exercises at least once a week, usually giving a talk trying to impress upon our minds the importance of our education and the opportunities open to one with a good education. We sincerely hope he has been as happy in serving dear Old Sandy as we have been in having him. We hope he will never forget us, the Class of 1928.







#### MAUDE MAE WOLFE, A. B.

Susquehanna High School—1921 Lebanon Valley College—1925

During the two years that Miss Wolfe has been in Sandy, she has won the respect and admiration of every student. She is a jolly teacher and has a smile for every one. She is always a center of fun at our parties. Her chief delights are keeping the Freshmen busy in the study hall, and giving frequent tests in French. Miss Wolfe is a loyal supporter of our basketball team, and is always present at the games. We hope that her success as a teacher continues.

Latin French English Civics

#### MARGARET JANE SPIGELMYER-A. B., B. O.

Mifflinburg High School—1921 Susquehanna University—1925

This is Miss Spigelmyer's third year at Sandy and she has won the friendship of every student at Sandy. When we need assistance we always rush toward Miss Spigelmyer's room. Her chief delight is dissecting bugs and plants. She has a regular Laboratory in her room, where often times frogs and tadpoles can be found. Miss Spigelmyer will not be here next year and we all shall miss her.

Biology Science



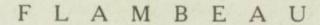
#### EUGENE TAYLOR ADAMS, A. B.

Millersburg High School, 1923 Susquehanna University, 1926

Mr. Adams has been at Sandy for two years and has won the high esteem of every student. We have profited much by his kind advice and sympathetic nature. His assistance in editing The Flambeau has been very valuable, and for this the class of 1928 wishes to extend to him their sincere thanks. Mr. Adams has tried to impress upon us the worth while things of life. He can also write poetry, and has read some of his poems to us. We hope that wherever he may go, he will find as many friends as he did in Sandy.

English







#### HELEN GWENDOLYN BAILEY

DuBois High School—1917 Indiana State Normal—1919 Pennsylvania State College

When we came to Sandy, Miss Bailey was already here. From the first day we loved her and she in return helped us all she could. During our Junior year we learned that Miss Bailey had a very fine personality, and during that year and the next, she became the adviser of all our affairs and clubs. She has won our highest esteem. We will never forget her.

History



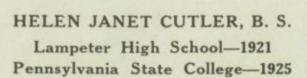


#### GEORGE WILLIAM HERROLD, B. S.

Susquehanna Academy—1922 Susquehanna University—1925

Mr. Herrold is a jolly man. One of the jolliest teachers in Sandy. His ever-ready smile encourages us all. If it were not for his patience, Mathematics would be useless in Sandy. He often stays until 5:30 P. M. explaining Algebra problems or a hard experiment in Physics. His hobby is experimenting. He is also a loyal supporter of our Basketball teams. We all like Mr. Herrold.

Mathematics Physics



This is Miss Cutler's third year at Sandy and each year our love for increases. Her friendliness and fine personality have won for her many friends. During our many parties, Miss Cutler's advice and assistance were always sought. Cakes, pies and other delicacies are Miss Cutler's specialties. Her teaching will mean a great deal to the girls and few boys who study under her. The Class of '28 thanks her very much.

Home Economics









#### MAE ELNORA RICE Butler High School—1922 Thiel College—1926

French tests, Latin tests and bright green Freshies are Miss Rice's specialties. She is always busy but never too busy to lend a helping hand or give a word of encouragement. Although she teaches only Latin and French, she is just the person from whom we can get advice on any subject. Her classes are always interesting because she is always introducing something new. This is Miss Rice's second year at Sandy and because of her pleasing personality and ways of explaining the difficult parts of the lessons, it is with the deepest regret that we bid her farewell.

Latin French

# MAE A. JONES DuBois High School—1922 Penna. College for Women—1927

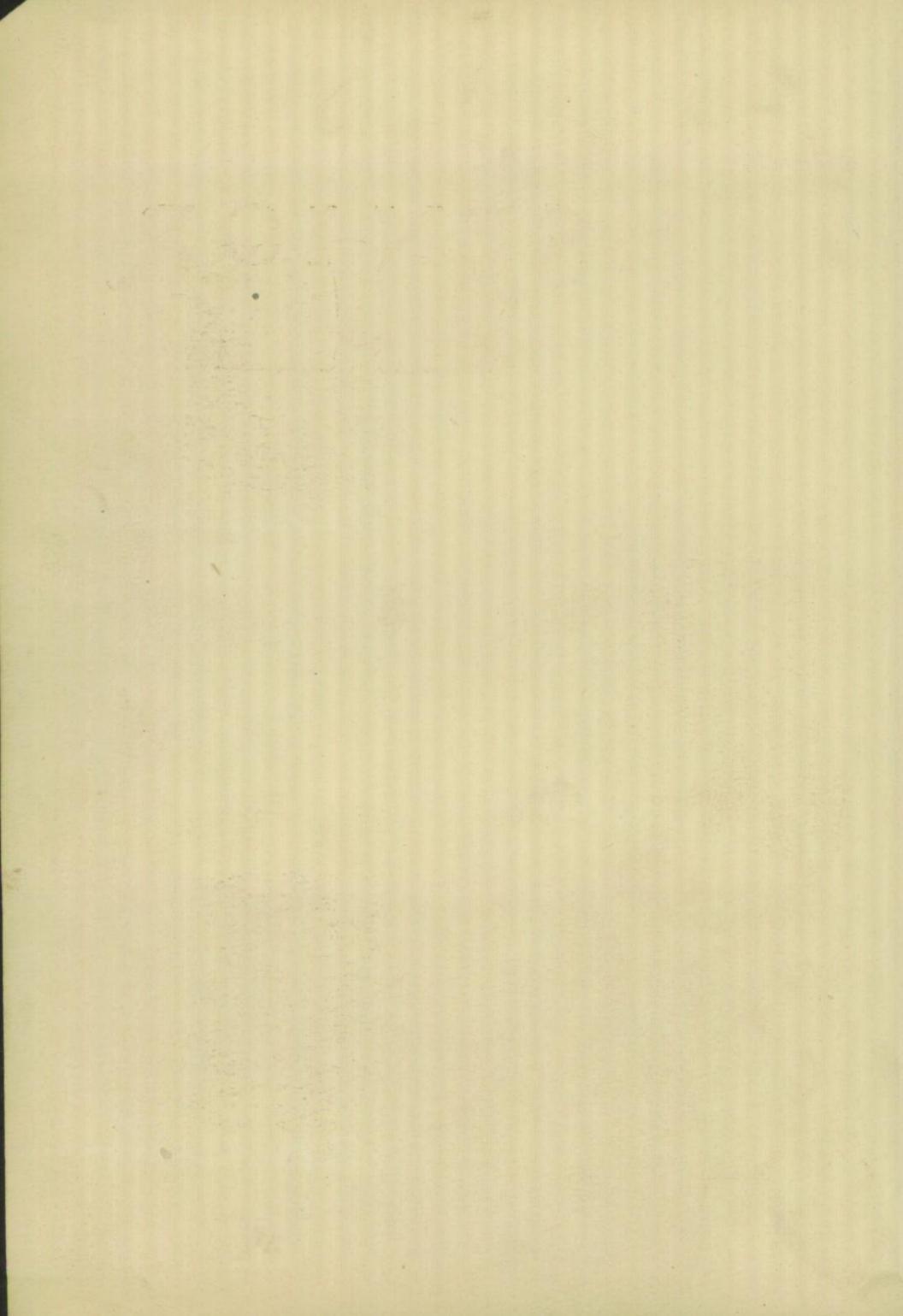
Miss Jones came to us at the beginning of this term to teach the brand new Freshies English, Civics and General Science. She leads our school Orchestra and has certainly made a success of it as well as everything she undertakes. Miss Jones is always interested in every school activity such as class parties and club parties. Because of her interest in these and also because of her willingness to help, she is just the person to whom we all go for advice.

Freshman English Civics General Science



Successful Cours

# SENIOR







#### GLADYS MAE ANDERSON ("Gladdie")

Vocational and Academic Courses Nitwegi Club, '28
Whittier Literary Society
W. M. H., '27

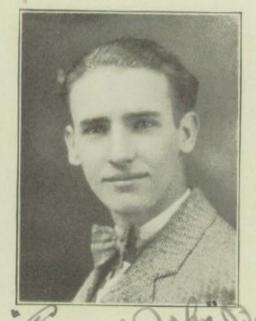
Wisilence is Golden''

"Gladdie" is one of the members of our class who has very little to say but you can always find her cheerful. Of her characteristics we know little, but we are certain she will make a nice little house-wife for some man. What other reason could you give for her taking the Vocational course? When it comes to a class party "Gladdie" is always around and very much interested. We do not know what she intends to do when finished here, but we are all certain of her success.

"Hope to tell ya!"



"I ladye anderson"



#### EMERY JOHN BAILEY ("Em")

Athletic Association Academic Course Mark Twain Society Assistant Librarian, '28 Basket Ball Science Club Pres., '28

Social Adviser, '27
Boys' Hi-Y
"When a Feller Needs a Friend"
"Nautical Knot"
"Cheer Up Chad"
"Regiment of Two"
Baseball Team

Don't worry about your work; do what you can and let the rest go. To look at "Em" you would undoubtedly say, "What a bashful looking boy." But looks are deceiving, "Em" isn't the least bit bashful; you wouldn't think so if you saw him in Room 5, 4th period. "Em" says he doesn't like girls, but we know better. We do not know what he is going to do but we wish him success.

"Next on that!"

#### ARLIE CLAYTON BROWN ("Brownie")

"Tall, quite a lad, and many curls, And when he starts; look out girls???"

Academic Course Mark Twain Literary Society Science C!ub Boys' Hi-Y Vice Pres., Four Horsemen and 1 Flambeau Staff (Asso. Editor) Baseball, '26, '27, '28 Athletic Association

Brownic is a great friend and a wonderful mathematician. His favorite hobby is flirting with the Freshman girls while in the study hall. He never misses a day and we know he shall be successful.

"O, for Goodness sake-!"



arlie Brown





#### OLIVE LAMARR CARBAUGH ("Ollie")

Vocational and Academic Courses Glee Club, '27 Whittier Literary Society Flambeau Staff Science Club, '28 (Sec. & Treas.) W. M. H. Nitwegi Club

"Ollie's" favorite hobby is writing sentimental poetry. She is also fond of jokes and will run a mile to hear a joke, especially those told by the Senior girls. Her favorite subject is French and no matter where she is seen "Ollie" is carrying her little blue French book. Success in your profession, whatever it may be.

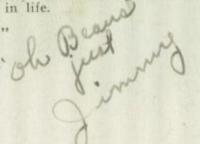
"Did I miss anything kids?"

#### JAMES HENRY CARNS ("Husky")

Whittier Literary Society Baseball Boys' Hi-Y Science Club, '28 Flambeau Staff Athletic Association Academic Course Senior Play

"Husky" is one of our popular "sheiks"—specially with certain Freshman girls. "Certain ones!" He is an ever ready help with a very encouraging smile. We believe his smile attracts the little Freshmen. "Husky" is a very bright Chemistry student and also a fine "P. D. ist" We are sure of his success in life.

"Oh, Beans!"







#### AMY A. CHRISTIAN ("Betty")

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace."

Vocational Course Academic Course Mark Twain Literary Society Home Economic Club, '26 Athletic Association

Betty is one of those girls who talk very little but say as much as some people who talk all the time. Her chief sin is that she is fond of (Beer). At noon Amy sits very quietly until opportunity presents itself and Amy "springs" a joke. Of course we laugh. Amy no doubt will become a demure little housewife. No end of luck Betty!

Best Wishes.





#### MARGARET A. COOK ("Peg")

Athletic Asso., '25, '26, '27, '28 Glee Club, '27 Vocational and Academic Courses Science Club, '28 Mark Twain Literary Society Girls' Hi-Y Vice Pres., W. M. H. Club, '27 Nitwegi Club

"An ounce of perfection is worth a pound of gold." When you once become acquainted with this maiden you will never forget ner. She has a very charming disposition which has won for her a place in all our hearts. We are not certain about what line "Peg" intends to follow, but we have a slight suspicion that some day she will hav stock in the Black and White Cab Co. We wish you luck, "Pen"

"Oh, f'heavens sake!"





#### EVELYN MABLE CARLSON ("EVEY")

Academic Course Vocational Course Athletic Association Whittier Literary Society Science Club, '28 W. M. H., '27 Nitwegi Club, '28

mild hombon Evelyn, our blonde who hails from Clear Run, is liked by all in her class. She's very quiet, especially when there are some boys around (?). But when it comes to the parties and club meetings—she's all there. After graduation "Evey" expects to take up Music. We wish her success in her future work.

"Listen, kids!"

#### ROBERT F. DIVINA ("Bobbie")

Academic Course
Whittier Liteary Society
Athletic Association
Science Club, '28
Assistant Business Manager, Flambeau Staff
Property Manager, "Regiment of Two"

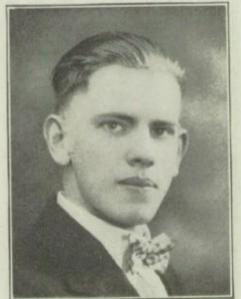
"Bobbie" is a bashful boy and not very stout, but on the basket-ball floor you'd better watch out. "Bobbie" comes to school early but he's never in his room. If you want him you can find him in the first hall, talking to a certain Freshman girl. "Bobbie's" our basket-ball star; he sure can make the field goals. He hasn't decided his future career, but we wish him success in whatever he undertakes.

"Yepper!"









#### RUSSELL S. DODD ("Russ")

Academic Course Mark Twain Literary Society Athletic Association Science Club, '28 Boys' Hi-Y Four Horsemen plus 1 (Sec'y '28) Flambeau Staff, Alumni Editor Baseball, '26, '27, '28

Mix together one hundred forty pounds of nonchalance, inertia, wood, oil and generosity—there you have "Russ". He is good-natured, and will do anything for anyone. He is especially bright in Chemistry and Arithmetic, but can do other things as well. "Russ" would never think of getting a mark below ninety, and as for being a good sport he sure is! Whatever Russell undertakes we are sure he will make a success. He has the grit.

"Well, I can't help it!"

Best Wishis & Rush

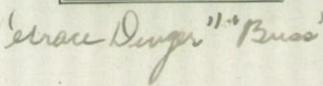
#### GRACE THOMPSON DINGER ("Buss")

Academic and Vocational Courses Nitwegi Club, '28
Athletic Association Science Club, '28
W. M. H. Club, '27 Whittier Literary Society

Grace never misses anything, especially when someone has a bag of candy in the Senior room. She is usually absent about two half days in a week, but we are certain she has good reasons! There are vague rumors about that she has been seen riding around with some young gentleman, but who he is or where he's from we do not know. We do not know her motive in taking the Vocational course; we wonder if that certain young gentleman does? Do you think so?

"Oh, Gosh!"







#### ARMAND D. ELLINGER ("Army")

Academic Course Athletic Association Mark Twain Literary Society Science Club, '28

A boy so quiet as "Army" is hard to find, but nevertheless he is quiet. One never hears "Army" making a noise (only when the teachers are not looking). "Army" never says what he wants to be, but we think he would make a good school teacher. It's Armand's special delight in beating the boys in ringing the last bell at noon. We are sure he will make "good" at anything he undertakes.

"Yes, sir!"

armand Ellinger 16





#### BLAINE LEROY GENT ("Newt")

Academic Course Boys' Cooking Class Hi-Y Treasurer, '27 Hi-Y President, '28

Basketball, '24 to '28 Baseball Senior Play Athletic Editor

"Newt" is one of the good hearted boys of our class, and one of our basketball stars. He is jolly and tries to be very friendly to everyone. He is very fond of the girls, especially a Freshman girl by the name of Dean. "Newt" is very willing to help out in anything that goes on. We don't know what profession "Newt" will follow, but we wish him luck.

"Heck, No!"





#### INEZ MARIAN GRIFFITH ("Tom")

"Just a real nice girl"

Academic Course Athletic Association Whittier Literary Society Class Vice President, '27 Class Secretary, '28 Girls' Hi-Y Treasurer, '27, '28 Glee Club, '27 W. M. H. Club, '27 President Nitwegi Club, '28 Science Club, '28 Flambeau Staff (Asso. Editor) "Wind Mills of Holland"

It's hard to tell what the Seniors would do without "Tom". Her ever-ready smile is joy to all those around her. "Tom" is always willing to help in school activities, and certainly comes in handy when there is a good movie in town. She is very studious and surely can "pull" down the nineties. We don't know what she intends to do after she leaves Sandy, but we are sure she will make a success. Good luck, Tom!

"Why Bring that Up?"

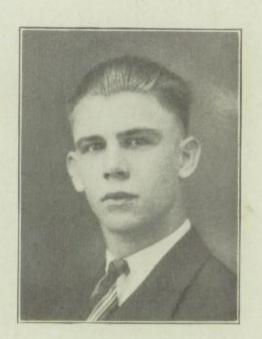
#### MATTHEW HALEY ("Nell")

Academic Course Athletic Association

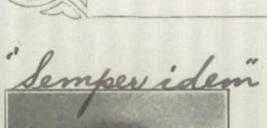
Science Club, '28 Whittier Literary Society Baseball, '26, '27, '28

"Nell" is one of our popular Senior boys. He is always present in the "lower" hall. We wonder why(?) Very few are brighter than "Nell". In English he is our "shining light". "Nell" delights in teasing girls, especially certain Frosh girls. He hasn't said what he will take up when he graduates, but best luck in whatever you do.

"What do you mean?"









#### FLORENCE D. JONES ("Flossie")

"A Friend to anyone that wants a friend."

Vocational and Academic Courses Whittier Literary Society
Nitwegi, '28
W. M. H., '27
Science Club, '28
Girls' Hi-Y

Varsity Basketball, '28

Whittier Literary Society
"Windmills of Holland", '26
"Safety First," '27
"Cheer Up Chad," '27
Flambeau Staff, Editor-in-Chief

"Flossie" is a small girl, but "good goods are put up in small packages." She is a very good student and we know that she will be a success wherever she goes. She admires anything sweet(???). She is an all around student. She can do most anything—fighting not included. We wish you good luck, "Flossie."

"What Causes That?"

#### JESSIE A. KILLILA ("Jess")

Academic and Vocational Courses Nitwegi Club Athletic Association

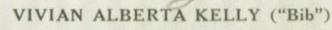
Pres. W. M. H. Club, '27

Science Club Flambeau Staff, '28 Mark Twain Literary Society

Jessie hails from Shaffer; she is a popular young lady in Sandy High. Jessie is little but full of fun, a more jolly person could not be found. Her chief hobby is dancing. She is always ready to help in everything that takes place. We don't know what profession Jessie will follow, but we wish her heaps of success.

"You can't blame me for that."





Academic and Vocational Courses Glee Club, '27
Mark Twain Literary Society Girls' Hi-Y
Athletic Association Nitwegi Club Reporter, '28
W. M. H. Club, '27 Science Club, '28
"Deal 'em over."

Allow me to introduce you to the Elocutionist of our class. Vivian will entertain us for hours with her witty monologues and speeches, some of which are original with her. "Bib" is always on hand for a good time, especially when the "Nitwegi Club" have to walk at least four miles in the country for their club meeting. "Bib" has a friendly word for everyone, but her mind is centered on one certain little boy.

> "Kind, true, lean and tall, But best of all she likes her 'Paul'."

> > "For the love of Pete!"

But Willes for

18





#### . ZOLA I. KLINE ("Zolie")

"She is gentle and kind, And a truer friend you can't find."

Academic Course Athletic Association Science Club, '28 W. M. H. Club Nitwegi Club Mark Twain Literary Society

"Zolie" is one of our "home" girls. She is very quiet and never causes a disturbance. She has a smile for everyone. We know that she will make a neat little housewife for someone sometime. In spite of her quietness "Zolie" loves a good time. Her success is certain.

"Gosh!"





#### ALICE HELEN LYDICK ("AI")

Academic Course Whittier Literary Society

W. M. H. Club Science Club, '28 Nitwegi Club

What would we ever do without "Al"? Her ever ready smile and jolly laugh would be missing. Her favorite pastime is teasing "Nell". "Al" is very industrious. In Chemistry she proves her brilliancy. "Al" never says much but what little she says is always worth while. Best luck "Al".

Votre amie "Hey, Nell!"

Shoffer

#### PAUL S. LEWIS ("Lewis")

Academic Course
Mark Twain Literary Society
Science Club Vice Pres., '28
Boys' Hi-Y Secretary, '27
Athletic Association
"Four Horsemen Plus One"
Reporter, '28

Flambeau Staff (Asso. Editor) Treas. of Class, '26 and '28 Orchestra, '25 and '28 Baseball "Cheer Up Chad" "Regiment of Two" "Deal 'Em Over"

Paul is the kind of boy who isn't satisfied if he isn't teasing the girls, especially while they're working. "Lewis" is very studious in spite of this. He and the other "Horsemen" are always full of fun. Paul intends to go to college and we all know he'll keep his word. Best luck, Paul.

"I guess I'll tease the girls awhile!"

"One of the Five"



Lewis





#### WILLIAM R. LONDON ("Russ")

"Whenever you see a crowd around, You can bet that Russ is holding his ground."

"Cheer Up Chad" Science Club, '28 Minstrel Show

Academic Course Baseball, '26, '27, '28 Hi-Y Club, '26, '27 Athletic Association

"Russ" is a very small fellow but you can always hear him. He admires "A Dream" and they can always be seen at noon on the steps He is always ready to fight. Some day he is going to be a Tunney.

"All right then!"

Best wishes

#### ELIZABETH P. LOGAN ("Betty")

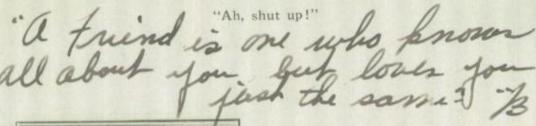
Athletic Association
Academic and Vocational Courses
Mark Twain Literary Society
Glee Club
W. M. H., Treas. '27
Mgr. Girls' Basketball Team, '25

Basketball Team, '26
Home Economics Club, '25, '26
Science Club, '28
Nitwegi Club, '28
"Nautical Knot"
"No Beauties Need Apply"

"If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius."

Betty is an industrious member of our class. Her report card does not make her sad, it makes her glad. Betty expects to go to college. We do not know what she intends to take up, but we wish her luck in whatever she attempts.





#### EDNA McHENRY ("Edo")

Academic Course Athletic Association Whittier Literary Society

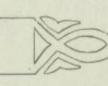
Academic Course
Athletic Association
Whittier Literary Society
Glee Club, '27
Science Club, '28
Girls' Hi-Y Club, V. Pres., '27
"Deal 'Em Over"

Sec'y. of Class, '27
W. M. H., '27
Nitwegi, '28
"Wind Mills of Holland', '26
"A Nautical Knot," '27
"Cheer Up Chad," '27
"Deal 'Em Over"

"Edo" is a fun-loving, jolly lass. She is popular in Sandy but "someone" in New York draws her interest. We are sure that she will be specessful in whatever career she takes up.

"Who said so?"





#### FRANK MALASKY

"Frank is a true friend we need, Full of kind thoughts and deeds."

Vocational Course Academic Course Hi-Y Club

Athletic Association "Four Horsemen plus One," Treas. Science Club Whittier Literary Society

Frank has joined the Class of '28 last Fall to finish his four year course. He is a worth while steadfast and true friend. He wants to go to college. We know that he will. And we hope that he will be successful because everything he has undertaken as yet, has come out on top with flying banners. He even parks "Elizabeth Jane" on top of the hill so he can just shove it a little and down it goes. "Safety First" is his motto.

Best Wishes





#### MAE NELSON ("May")

"Her eyes are brown; she never wears a frown."

Academic Course Whittier Literary

Science Club Athletic Association

"May" doesn't take part in everything, but if she does she doesn't "lay down" on the job. We do not know who she admires but she intends to be a missionary some day. Of course she wouldn't take up that profession alone. She is a friend to everyone.

Blots and blunder forget and for

#### MARY EDNA PETTIT ("Mary")

Basketball, '28 Girls' Hi-Y Treas. of Nitwegi Club

Science Club, '28 Academic Course Athletic Association

"Mary" is one of our best-natured Seniors. You can't make her angry. Everyone who knows her values her friendship. She is always ready to help anyone, anywhere, anytime. Like the rest of us she enjoys good times but is usually too busy with some homework (?) to attend every affair. Mary hasn't disclosed her future intentions but we're hoping they're for the best. Good luck, Mary!

"Ho-ly Gee!" 21









#### ELEANOR MYRTLE PIERCE ("Eleanor")

Academic Course Athletic Association Science Club, '28 Whittier Literary Society W. M. H. Nitwegi Club, '28

Glee Club, '27

Eleanor is very fond of fun. She also is fond of Chemistry. In the "Lab" she always puts the wrong acid in at the right time, thinks of becoming a nurse. We hope she is successful.

"Aw, Shut Up!"

#### CHARLES A. POWERS ("Chuck")

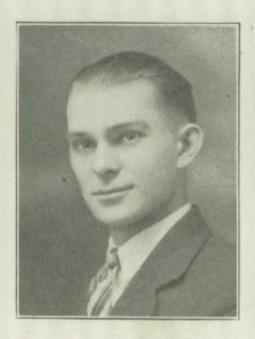
"There was a man once." "An Orator."

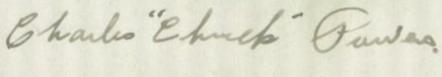
Academic Couse Flambeau Staff (Bus. Mgr.) Mark Twain Literary Society Class Treasurer, '25 Class President, '26 Class Reporter, '27 Class Vice President, '28 Science Club

Athletic Executive Board Basketball, '25, '26, '27, '28 Baseball, '27, '28 Hi-Y Club "When a Feller Needs a Friend"
"Cheer Up Chad"
"A Regiment of Two"
"Deal 'Em Over"

"Chuck" is a very active member of the class if anything is going on that he doesn't agree with. If he can't be seen he can be heard (all over the building). He enjoys arguing with Prof. Hackenberg and a few of the Seniors. He has played hard on the Basketball team. He is a good actor and has helped in many plays. He might become a physician some day and we wish him success. He will not soon be forgotten by the Senior Class.

"-and I don't care who knows it!"







"Chubby"

#### ALVIN RICHARD PETERSON ("Chub")

Academic Course Science Club, '28 Mark Twain Literary Society

Athletic Association Baseball Flambeau Staff

Stand back, girls, don't crowd. Here comes our sheik. "Chubby", is one of the best looking boys of our class and his complexion is the pride of everyone in the school. When we first saw "Chub" we thought that he was a walking advertisement for "Horlick's Malted Milk", but we found out soon enough that he wasn't. Not only has "Chub" been a favorite with the fair sex but he has been active along many other lines during the four years in High School. He has always stood up well in his studies. Everything that he has attempted he has gone into whole-heartedly. He combines perseverance with natural ability in all that he undertakes, and the combination is bound to carry on the far road to success.

"Dry Up!"



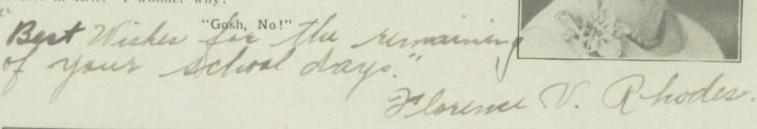


#### FLORENCE VIVIAN RHODES ("Florry")

Academic and Vocational Courses
Athletic Association
Whittier Literary Society
W. M. H., '27

Science Glee Club, '27
Secretary Nitwegi Club, '28
President Girls' Hi-Y, '28
Home Economic Club, '26
Science Club, '28

Work first, play afterwards is Florence's motto. She is very quiet but is real bright. "Florry never has much to say, but when she does talk, it is always something interesting. We believe that Florence is the only girl in the class who likes Chemistry. She dearly loves to work experiments and she "don't mean perhaps" when it comes to working Algebra problems either. Due to Florence's being President, our Girls' Hi-Y has been a decided success, this year. "Florry" makes friends with everyone and is liked by all the class. But her interest centers in Eric. I wonder why? centers in Erie. I wonder why?







#### JANETTE DORA SHAFFER ("Shorty")

Vocational and Academic Courses
Science Club, '28
W. M. H.

Nitwegi Club
Home Econon
Whittier Liter

Home Economics Club, '24, '25 Whittier Literary Society

"Shorty" is one of our "home" girls and we know that she will make a neat little housewife. She is very quiet and studious, with a pleasing smile for everyone. Her future career is quite unknown, but we believe that she will have the opportunity to prove her ability as a housewife. Luck to you, "Shorty". Best Wieles

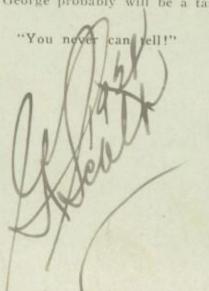
#### GEORGE KENNETH SCOTT ("Scotty")

Athletic Association Academic Course Literary Society Science Club, '28 Boys' Hi-Y

Baseball Flambeau Staff "A Regiment of Two"
"Deal 'Em Over"
Boys' Cooking Class

23

George is a very cheery young lad who joined our ranks at the beginning of this year. We are all very glad he came to finish his education and be an industrious student among us, because he has been such a true and loyal triend. He certainly enjoys a warm place in the hearts of all the ladies of the Senior class, especially the place in the heart of one. George probably will be a tailor. We wish him success.









#### HERBERT S. SPIGELMYER ("Herb")

Academic Course Class Vice President, '25 Class President, '27, '28 Whittier Society Boys' Hi-Y, Vice Pres., '27 Science Club, '28 Basketball Orchestra, '27, '28

Baseball "No Beauties Need Apply"
"Safety First"
"Cheer Up Chad" "A Regiment of Two"
"Deal 'Em Over"
Boys' Cooking Class
Flambeau Staff Athletic Association, President, '28

"Herb" is a very industrious President, and is also a good companion. His quiet consideration for others has won for him many friends who will always remember him kindly. We do not know much about any of his love affairs, but we suppose that way down in a corner of his heart a little spark burns brightly for some princess. We wish him success and hope he will always remember the Class of '28.

may the star that you follow through

#### MARTHA M. STURM ("Sturmy")

Athletic Association Basketball, '25 Vocational and Academic Courses Mark Twain Literary Society Glee Club, '27 Home Economics Club W. M. H.

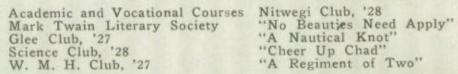
Nitwegi Club, Vice Pres., '28 "Cheer Up Chad"
"A Regiment of Two" Flambeau Staff Cheer Leader, '28 "Deal 'Em Over" Science Club

"Sturmy" is a nice girl, charming and sincere. She is very agreeable and is kindness itself. "Sturmy" has a very good nature and it seems that every one takes advantage of it. Her greatest accomplishments are powdering her nose and sleeping in class. Martha evidently will be a housewife. We wish you success, "Sturmy".

"Oh, my dod!"

Lo Know to Love 20 Part

ISABEL S. SHOBERT ("Issy"



"A Regiment of Two"

What would we do without "Issy"? "Issy" believes in the old saying, "All work and no play makes 'Issy' a dull girl," so she decided to play. And believe us she does. And How! She is an actress of no mean ability and can portray any part that is given to her. She is a good musician and is often called on to ender a few solos for chapel or Literary. "Issy" is loved by all the male sex but she only loves "one". She usually takes time each morning to go to the post-office to get her daily letter from "Bradford". We think Bill is exceedingly lucky. ceedingly lucky.

"Aw, kids! Now quit!"









#### KATHRYN ELENORA TAYLOR ("Kate")

Academic and Vocational Courses Science Club, '28 Athletic Association W. M. H. Club

Nitwegi Club Whittier Literary Society

"Kate" is our best "find". She's very quiet but when she starts to laugh, the whole world certainly laughs with her. Many times when "Prof" asks a difficult question we all look to "Kate" for aid and sure enough she starts to laugh so jolly that the question is forgotten and we receive our "Nineties" just the same. "Kate" will make a nice little housewife we are certain. Best luck, "Kate."

"Well!"



sad words za school girls



"Henry to those who know him, Is a friend most hearty and true."

Academic Course Mark Twain Literary Society

Science Club Four Horsemen and One, Pres., '28

Henry is one of our quiet bashful boys. Especially around the girls. The boys like to tease him but he doesn't mind it. Oh, the girl that gets him alone, you'd be surprised! "Hen", though quiet (?) does his state of talking, especially the 7th period. He's a friend to

"Aw Right!" Say



June

June, The enchanting hour of midnight; Orangey stars Peeking out of Silvery bewitching moonlight. Faint breath of roses-Borne by whispering breezes. Tinkle of a sleepy fountain, A step on the terrace, A long, low, thrilling whistle, The soft creak of an opening door;

Something young and sweet and beautiful Stepping into the diffusing moonlight; Something young, strong and handsome Stepping out of harboring shadows. A hasty glance, A stolen kiss. The soft creak of a closing door, A step on the terrace. Orangey stars Peeking out of Silvery bewitching moonlight.

-"Flossie" Jones, '28.





Chief Sin	Being quiet	working algebra	"hooking" candy	studying P. D.	telling johes	giggling		Sheileing Frosh Girls	Passing notes	Making noise	writing notes	never studying	talking	passing out gum	in Adam's room (??)	acting dignified	Too many dates	laughing aloud	tallfing	
Admires	no one	books	good eats	cars	pretty things	chemistry	"Paul"	"Helen"	dates	Fords	girls	farming	mng	washing dishes	"Eddie"	"Kitty"	monologues	"little "Bills"	nice things	
Will Be	a stenog.	a preacher	a soldier	somebody's wife	successful	anything else	an usher	a chemist	a teacher	Boss	a fine husband	a street cleaner	actress	a groceryman	a miner	something else	good-looking	a housekeeper	a nurse	
Wants To Be	a Hairdresser	a Teacher	a Librarian	Popular	a Nurse	a Novelist	an Actress	a Husband	a Housewife	a Cattleman	a Ford Owner	a Baggage Man	Popular	Married	a State "Cop"	a Stenographer	Dramatist	Manicurist	a Nurse	
Is	Bashful	Curly Haired	A Shieh	a blonde	Quiet	a good cook	Little	a Good Dancer	a Kidder	The Big Boy	Shy	Strong	Bright	Basketball Player	Handsome	Reckless	a Good Girl	Small	Quiet	
Name	Gladys Anderson	Arlie Brown	Emery Bailey	Evelyn Carlson	Andy Christian	Margaret Cook	Olive Carbaugh	James Carns	Grace Dinger	Russell Dodd	Robert Divins	Armand Ellinger	Inez Griffith	Blaine Gent	Matthew Haley	Florence Jones	Vivian Kelly	Jessie Killila	Zola Kline	





leasing "Nell"	hissing Ruth	arguing	Showing her knees	Looking innocent	writing notes	talks too much	playing tricks	riding in cars	walking home	shooting pool	making speeches	flirting	staying out late	being late	driving one-handed	laughing	bragging	Throwing a line
chipmunks	exams	"Olives"	a good "Mark"	a Ford	Romeos	teachers	P. D. Class	receptions	English	"Marks"	books	"Daiseys"	"Roses"	fun	dark hair	shieks	everyone	"snuff"
a stage dancer	a bum	a lawyer	a dog catcher	a professor	an organ grinder	Missionary	a good dancer	nurse	sombody else's	a taxi-driver	a nurse	neither	a bus driver	a good wife	a tailor	Bill's wife	a singer	a horse doctor
Single.	Boxer	Musician	a Vocalist	Boss	a Dancer	a Preacher	a Labor Leader	A Bathing Beauty	Jack's Wife	Modern Shiek	a Teacher	Tall	a Husband	Loved	a "Love Bird"	Just So.	Thin	Popular
a Good Sport	Small	Studious	a Brunette	Clever	a Flirt	Bright	a Joke	a Blonde	Cute-Looking	"Chubby"	Nice	"Short"	Handsome	Gene's	Scotty	Nice	Our Big Girl	Funny
Alice Lydick	Russell London	Paul Lewis	Betty Logan	Frank Malasky	Edna McHenry	Mae Nelson	Charles Powers	Eleanor Pierce	Mary Pettit	Alvin Peterson	Florence Rhodes	Janette Shaffer	Herbert Spigelmyer	Martha Sturm	George Scott	Isabel Shobert	Kathryn Taylor	Henry Wojtaszeck





### Senior Class History

IN THE Fall of 1924, ninety-eight Freshmen entered Sandy Hi School. And such Freshmen!

During the first week of school, posses were sent in search of lost Freshmen. In each class many were missing, but of course they soon became accustomed to dear old Sandy.

The Freshmen officers were:

The "green" wore off at last after a hard year's work and magic! Presto! They became Sophomores. The Sophomore year was quite uneventful. Although it was during this time that the pennants, etc., were ordered, also the famous '28 rings.

The officers during this year were:

Many dropped out and sought other ends but there were enough remaining to make '28 shine. At last! Exams. Another change! Presto! Juniors!

Out of 96 Freshmen about 75 Sophomores, only 40 Juniors survived. Our Class officers were:

Many are the good times had in that good old Junior room by those good old Juniors. Miss Bailey was certainly a great help and Adviser. But time passes rapidly and —Exams again!—also another spell of Magic—and Presto! Seniors—only 36 in number, but those determined to fight to the end.

Three new Seniors were added: Mary Pettit, from Academy Hi in Erie, George Scott, from DuBois Hi, and Frank Malasky, a former Sandy Hi student. And those three have agreed to fight with the rest.

The officers for the last year were:





President
V. President
Secretary Inez Griffith
Treasurer
ReporterMartha Sturm

"Prof." Hackenberg being Sandy's new principal, was a great friend and adviser to all. He showed much interest in the troubles of the Seniors and did what he could to help them. The Seniors certainly do appreciate it.

What's that? Another magic spell? Too soon—! We've had too good times to have them change. But—still it comes—Exams! The last exams. Last Farewells to Sandy Hi.

—Florence Jones, '28.

\* \* \*

### What a Friend Meant To You

Did you ever stop to think, my friend What a friend meant to you? Not a friend that is false at times, But a friend that is always true.

A Friend that you can depend upon
In time of trouble and of need.
A friend that is really a friend to you
And willing to do you a kindly deed.

Beware the one that will pretend To be a friend to you, And then at last he's proven to be A friend that is untrue.

A friend is more than wealth to you All along life's way

For they shall prove a help I am sure,
In things they do or say.

-Vivian Kelly '28





## Class Will

WE, the Seniors of Sandy Hi School, Clearfield County, DuBois, Pennsylvania, in perfect health and fond memory do make and ordain this our last will and testament, in manner and form following:

First. To Mr. Hackenberg, we bequeath, the on-coming Seniors and may they they take our places with as much ambition and pride as we took ours.

Second. To Miss Bailey, our sister class, and also some of the love she has for us.

Third. To Miss Cutler, all cooking "sharks" that may be found throughout the school.

Fourth. To Mr. Herrold, All Bright Algebra Students.

Fifth. To Mr. Adams, All Macbeth Books, to be used as per-usual for the Seniors.

Sixth. To Earl Rupert, Chuck Powers "Gift of Gab."

Seventh. To Elizabeth Malasky, Mary Pettits' job as Captain.

Eight. To Virginia Killila and Nora Jones, all chewing gum stuck under the Senior desks.

Ninth. To Max Brasseur, Blaine Gent's ability to make pies.

Tenth. To Dorothy Curry, Flossie Jones' beauty parlor, which is found in the "Modern" "First-Aid" kit.

Eleventh. To LeRoy Logan, Bob Divins' popularity with the girls.

Twelfth. To Betty Simpson, Martha Sturm's ability to act.

Thirteenth. To Helen Dean, Jimmie Carns, may they always be happy.

Fourteenth. To Velma Connor, Edna McHenry's ability to "tickle the ivories."

Fifteenth, To Johnnie Stanton and Roy Smith, Herbert Spigelmyer's and Frank Malasky's positions on the Basket-Ball Team.

Sixteenth.—To Bill Swartz, Russell London's place as prize-fighter and to settle the Rough-Necks.

Seventeenth. To Ivan Mitchell, Russell Dodd's ability to do chemistry.

Eighteenth. To some one in the on-coming Senior Class, Emery Bailey's job as Assistant Librarian.

Nineteenth. To Rodney Schoch, Paul Lewis' ability to play the violin.

Twentieth. To Betty Simpson, Mae Nelson's place at the "head" of the class. Twenty-first. To Rachel Pifer, the "job" as school pianist.

Signed and Sealed, this First Day of April in the Year of Our Lord 1928.

JESSIE KILLILA

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Emery Bailey Mary Pettit George Scott Olive Carbough Zola Kline





## Class Prophecy

I was a cold bitter evening, one not uncommon to Northern Pennsylvania, the wind that howled through the tiny cracks in the windows was piling the snow deeper and deeper. The logs in the fireplace were almost burned to ashes and caused a sickly light to fall around the room, making huge shadows.

I had watched the dying embers for a long while, thinking of my happy school days and wondering what had become of most of my classmates. In the midst of my meditations I was not a little disturbed to hear an announcer, give the name of his station and then inform his unseen audience that they would immediately hear the time signals. At hist I was startled, hadn't I heard that voice before? I must certainly have been mistaken, but I got up from my easy chair and was just about to move the dial to turn the radio off when I heard the last signal, exactly ten o'clock, then the announcer again spoke:

"I have great pleasure in presenting a well known missionary worker, Miss Nelson."

"Miss Nelson has spent the last three years in China among the heathen, helping the sick and needy and has recently opened a school where those who haven't enough money to attend the so-called public schools of that country, can secure an education and help educate the country."

"Miss Nelson will now tell of her experiences in the Orient."

Was I dreaming? No, he had said Miss Nelson but, though I surely there are more Miss Nelsons than my chemistry buddy, but, from curiosity I went back to my chair determined to listen, but what was my surprise the minute the lady spoke I immediately recognized the voice of my classmate, her first words were: "Friends of the radio audience, I think Mr. Lewis has perhaps given me too much praise but because he was a classmate of mine I will overlook it this time."

She then told of her experiences with the Chinese and I was overjoyed to hear from her that she and Florence Rhodes had both been in Central China, she as a Missionary and Florence as an organizer of Hi-Y Clubs among the young people.

Just like Florence, I thought, always interested in Hi-Y organizations.

It had not been over one half hour ago that I had been wondering what had become of my classmates and now I had found three of them. Paul Lewis, as a radio announcer; no, I wasn't surprised at that as I always knew Paul had a wonderful gift of gab. Mae Nelson as a missionary and Florence as a Hi-Y worker. How extremely interesting.

"Ladies and gentlemen you will now hear the announcements of the marriages

among the Society of New York", continued Paul.

What was my surprise when first on the list was the marriage of Miss Florence Jones and Mr. George Scott. The groom, as I was informed was one of New York's leading tailors and for the last two years Mrs. Scott had been his private secretary.

Worse and more of it, the second was the announcement of the marriage of Miss Martha Sturm and Eugene Sayers. Mrs. Sayers had given up acting in the "Follies" to become the wife of Mr. Sayers who is employed by the Penn Public. Was I amazed? I could hardly speak.

"I have great pleasure to announce also the marriage of Miss Kathryn Taylor and



Lawrence Bundy. This young couple have been married for a year, but it was kept secret until recently" he continued.

"Before wishing you goodnight I have been requested to tell my audience of the

coming attractions in the theatres this week."

"The chief attractions at the Metropolitan Opera House this week is the presentation of the opera "Faust." Miss Elizabeth Logan, a world wide known prima donna leading the cast with the part of Marguerite. Miss Logan has been studying music for the last three years in Germany and appeared for the first time last year with the Metropolitan Opera Company and since her first appearance, she has been known throughout the world. She will be accompanied by the orchestra of the company with Miss Isabel Shobert as pianist."

"The attraction at the Aldine is the well known movie, "The Love of a Man", starring Herbert Spigelmyer. Mr. Spigelmyer entered the movie world three years ago and has worked his way up. By the movie fans of today he is considered one of the best,

if not the best actor on the screen."

"In vaudeville, the chief attraction is Miss Carbaugh, a pretty little toe dancer. Miss Olive Carbaugh, formerly an usher in the Aldine, signed a contract recently with the Lexington Company after Mr. Lexington discovered the acting ability of the little lady and put her through a famous dancing school. In the past two years she has danced before all the notables of Europe, also of Asia and has returned to the United States where she will dance in the leading cities and we are sure she will receive the applause due her. She will make her first appearance tonight.

"Mr. Russell Dodd, a well known veterinary, brought his skill into practice yesterday when he saved the lives of two valuable race horses belonging to Mr. Henry Woj-

taseck."

"Mr. Russell London, the tamous pugilist has challenged Gene Tunney to a bout to take place July 6th of this year. This battle will decide the world's championship. Mr. London, who is now in Florida training, is confident of his success as are all of his friends."

"Word was received here today of the arrival of Mmes. Carlson and Dinger from Paris, where, for the past two years they have been studying beauty culture. They will open an elegant Shoppe on Broadway in the near future."

"Mr. Charles Powers has announced today that he will be a candidate on the Socialist Ticket for President. Mr. Powers has been on a political tour over the United

States recently and is sure of his success."

"Mr. Arlie Brown, returned today from Germany where he received applause as the greatest Mathematician of today. Mr. Brown has accepted a position at Harvard as Professor of Mathematics. I am sure all of his friends will be delighted with his success."

"Reverend Father Matthew Haley has accepted the position as priest of the parish of Saint Cecelia." I was not surprised to hear this of Matthew Haley as I, also all of his classmates, had likened him to an angel and had often pictured him with wings. Again Paul spoke:

"New York was greatly relieved today when word was received that Mr. Grey, America's greatest financier would live. He had been in an automobile accident and was severely injured. The only thing that saved his life was the delicate operation per-





formed by Doctor Peterson and the wonderful care he received from his nurse, Miss Jessie Killila."

"Professor James Carnes, Ph. D., was recently given the honorable position as Head Chemist of Yale University. He is a graduate of Sandy High School, class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight, Juniata College and Columbia University. Prof Carns is a well known chemist, having published books on this subject, which have all proven a success."

"Reverend Armand Ellinger attended the Free Methodist Convention in Chicago last week. Rev. Ellinger represented the "Little Church in the Wildwood of DuBois," where he is the present pastor."

"Ex-governor Frank Malasky has announced recently that he will be the Democratic candidate for Senator at the next election. Mr. Malasky has served one term as governor of New York and instead of running for that office again, he is in the race for State Senator. Mr. Malasky is the only Democratic candidate for this office at the present time."

"Mr. Robert Divins has accepted the position as coach of the varsity basket-ball team at Pennsylvania State College. Mr. Divins is a graduate of Sandy High School and also of Yale and has been known all over the United States for his wonderful playing. Because of his success as a player, his friends are all sure of his success as a coach.

Miss Jeanette Shaffer, a well known novelist, has returned to this city after a visit lasting two months, in Hawaii. Her new book, as the public believes, is about life on the Hawaiian Islands, and she has made this visit to get material for it. Her admirers wait for her new book with pleasant anticipation and, judging from her other well written novels, we believe they have just reasons."

"An up-to-date millinery Shoppe was opened last week on Broadway by Madamoiselle Mary Pettit. Mlle. Pettit returned from France recently, where for the past two years she has been studying millinery in a fashionable school in Paris."

"Mrs. Arthur Marley, formerly Edna McHenry, has returned to her home in this city after a short visit with her friends and relatives in DuBois. Mr. Marley is president of the Sterling Oil Company and has his office in this city."

The whole country was amazed today by the discovery made by a young telephone operator, Miss Gladys Anderson.

Miss Anderson, while trying to ring a certain party accidently overheard the following remark, "Get the gang ready and have them at the First National at one A. M." She immediately sent a report of what she had heard to the police. All was kept quiet and at the appointed time the bank robbers arrived, were immediately arrested by the police, who had been concealed in the bank. Miss Anderson will receive a large reward for this act.

Miss Alice Lydick, State nurse, will speak over this station next Tuesday night at 8 o'clock. Because of the many accidents today, nurses are in great demand and it is her business to get young girls to study for this position.

Mr. Blaine Gent, a well known and prosperous grocer of this city, has requested me to announce a sale, lasting all next week at his store on 5th avenue. Among the many bargains are Campbell's Baked Beans, 2 cans for 25c; potatoes, 2 bushels for \$3.

Philadelphia was aroused today by the news that Mrs. Wm. King, a millionaire



and formerly one of Philadelphia's leading society women, left all of her extremely large tortune to Miss Zola Kline. Mrs. King has been an invalid for the past two years, during this time Miss Kline acting as her companion, and for her faithful service, also because there were no other heirs, she received all the wealth of the King family.

Professor Emery John Bailey, Ph. D., a graduate of Sandy High School and later of Columbia University, received the honorable position as head of the University of California yesterday. Mr. Bailey, before entering Columbia, was a barber, but because he combined the three trades, barber, butcher and paper hanger, he did not succeed so very well, so he then decided to go to an advanced school of learning. I am sure all of his friends are rejoiced with the news of his advancement.

It gives me great pleasure to announce the marriage of Miss Margaret Cook and Mr. Marion Hoover, formerly of DuBois but now of New York, where the groom owns all the Black and White cabs, the best taxicab system of New York. Mrs. Hoover is a graduate of Sandy High School, class of 1928.

A debating team was elected today at the University of Pennsylvania, with Miss Elnora Pierce as leader. Miss Pierce is a graduate of Sandy High School, class of '28. She has done a great deal of debating during the last few years and the U. of P. team feels sure of its victories in the year's debating.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Biers were visitors in this city last week. Mrs. Biers was tormerly Amy Christian, a French teacher of Sandy High School, where she graduated with the class of 1928.

Miss Vivian Kelley, a noted actress, arrived today from England, where she received laurels for her perfect acting in "Jeanne Leaves Town." She says she has come over only to visit but we are afraid if she ever goes back, she will no longer be Miss Kelley, but Mrs. Vandervort.

I awoke with a start, frightened, when I heard, "This is Station KCW signing off for tonight. Good night." I then realized that I had fallen asleep immediately after Mae Nelson's talk, her voice had recalled school day memories and I had been dreaming of my classmates, wondering where they were located and what they were doing. Each dream had seemed so real and fitted exactly each person that I was convinced that what I had pictured was really true. Walking to the radio I turned the dials and retired, only to dream again of my happy days spent at Dear Old Sandy.

—Inez M. Griffith, '28.

#### . . .

Mr. Hackenberg, explaining the formula for water, H2O. "Now what is the formula, 'Dodd'?"

"Dodd"—"H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Mr. Hackenberg—"What?"

"Dod"-"Didn't you say 'H to O'?"

Zola K.—"What do you call a man that runs an auto?" Gladys A.—"It depends on how close he comes to me."





## **Senior Class Notes**

CLASS FLOWER
AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

CLASS COLORS
BROWN AND GOLD

CLASS MOTTO "HONOR ABOVE ALL"

### Class Officers

President. Herbert Spigelmyer

V. President. Charles Powers

Secretary Inez Griffith

Treasurer. Paul Lewis

Social Adviser Emery Bailey

Reporter Martha Sturm

THE CLASS OF '28 started out last fall with thirty-seven members, all resolving to do their best throughout the year. We are sorry to say we have lost some of our members for the year.

Helena Skrabski is attending school at St. Catherine's and Arthur Marley is working in New York.

We are all glad to have with us Mary Pettit, from Erie, George Scott, from Du-Bois High School, and Frank Malasky, a former student of Sandy Hi.

The Senior Class meets every Thursday afternoon and all business is brought up at our weekly meetings.

We also organized a Science Club, which is a benefit to all its members. The social affairs are not lacking as far as the Senior Class is concerned.

On September 27, we had our first party at the DuBois Outing Club. On November 4, the class gave a Hallowe'en party to the Juniors in the Hi School Auditorium. The class was invited by the Nitwegi Club to a Valentine party on February 14. We are looking forward to many more social functions the remaining part of the year.

The Senior Class has given and taken part in several literary programs and are entertainers of the highest calibre.

Considerable commotion has been caused in the Senior room, because the Seniors have tried to look dignified and studious, at least in front of Mr. Steinberg's camera, and the results show what a magnificent class we are.

The Senior Class is going to give a play entitled, "Deal 'Em Over," which we are sure is going to be a success, and a good night's entertainment.

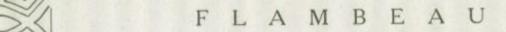
The Class is going to visit Woodward and Penn caves before school ends. Can You Imagine:

Floss not yelling "'Lo George" when she enters the class room. "Em" not saying to "Betty," "and what did Mark say?"

"Chuck" Powers not being "important."

Eleanor Pierce "broke".

Peg calling Yellow cab instead of Black and White.





"Herb" not being called "Baby Face."
London not trying to be Tunney.
Bob and Jim ignoring the Freshmen girls.
Mr. Adams not making new laws for the Seniors' good.
Paul Lewis using Sta Comb.

I Can't!

Although the Freshies of this year
Were just as green as green,
We soon learned to love them,
And tried not to treat 'em mean.

But look out, little Freshies, You'll be caught bye and bye; Although you think you know a lot, The green paint isn't dry.

Arlie Brown—"Do you drink?"
Russ Dodd—"No."
Arlie—"Then hold this quart till I tie my shoestring."

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an Academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails in the end of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
And if so—what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?

-"Loose Ends."

#### INTRODUCING COMPETITION

A rooster by perseverance rooted an ostrich egg into the chicken yard. He called the hens and said, "Now I'm not casting any insinuation or reproaching any of you hens, but I just want you to see what is being done in other places."

Before spanking youngsters it is advisable to reach inside the left hip pocket and extract the flask.





## Senior Class Poem

WE are the Class of '28
Our colors brown and gold
Are pride and treasures to us
And never shall grow old.

We are in number, thirty-eight
A group so studious and jolly.
We put our work before our play;
For to do otherwise is folly.

From nine in the morning
Till four in the night
All things of our knowledge
Are brought into light.

To delay you much longer, Should not be allowed So now meet this class Of which I'm so proud.

When it comes to a friend, Who's in for all fun Just such a friend Is Gladys Anderson.

Emery John Baily
(Now you just listen)
To get good "Marks"
Is his ambition.

A boy who'll be known
The whole world 'round
Is our Mathematician,
Arlie Brown.

Olive Carbaugh's an usher In a well-known theatre She makes us believe That she's a man-hater! Amy Christian is quiet
But you never fear
She has a great liking
For the name of "Charles Biers".

Evelyn Carlson comes next
A pretty little blonde.
There's a certain name "Crowe"
Of which she's very fond.

Peg Cook is as sweet a girl

As you can ever find

She'll be a Keystone Grocery clerk

Unless "Marion" changes her mind.

Grace Dinger is a girl

Never known to tell 'fibs',

She likes a young man

By the name of "Bus" Cribbs.

O'er all the ways you've traveled Thru all the fields you've trod, You can never find a truer friend Than this one, Russell Dodd.

Bob Divins, our basket ball star, Can be seen very seldom Except with a Freshman Whose name is "Helen".

Quite often seen
But with little to say,
Is Armand Ellinger
Care-free and gay.

Always late for classes

He never misses fun

But when it comes to basket-ball

Blaine Gent sure makes 'em run





'Nell' Haley's quite bashful
That's what they all say
But you'll find him quite cheerful
Thru the whole day.

Meet Miss "Flossie" Jones
With sparkling black eyes,
And oh! What a terror
For her age and size.

"Jess" Killila, a well known Member of our class Whose chief utensil Is a looking glass.

Vivian Kelley says little

We can't tell when she's with us

When it comes to reciting

She sure is a genius.

Zola Kline is so quiet And not often seen She is tall and thin, Stately as a queen.

Next comes "Russ" London
A fighter will be.
If my word is disputed,
Just come around and see.

Paul Lewis is always seen And not at all quiet; Whose chief sin is having Or starting a riot.

A girl who can always
Be found in the hall,
Is Miss Alice Lydick
Stately and tall.

A boy whom you'll always find, Happy-go-lucky, And a very true friend. Yes, it is Frank Malasky. With courage strong,
And nerve so stately,
You'd know her anywhere.
It's Enda McHenry.

A girl who has always,
Prepared every lesson,
And knows them quite well,
Is our friend Mae Nelson.

Mary Pettit, the captain.

Of the girls' basket ball
For some reason or other
Caused "Jack" to fall.

A boy who will sit
And debate for hours
Is our vice president,
Charles Powers.

The next, if you tease
You always can hear from
Her name Eleanora Pierce,
Oft times called "Miss Eriton".

When you're around Sandy
And a jolly laugh you hear
You'll always be right in saying
'Kate Taylor must be near.

You can travel for years

Never find a friends so true

As Florence Rhodes.

With eyes of blue.

When she knows she is right In her decision, she's firm. Is our little actress Martha Sturm.

Isobel Shobert, who'll do, Nothing against her will Is very fond of dates Especially with "Bill".





We have with us also
Mr. George Scott.
Who dearly delights in doing
Something he knows he should not.

She is little, wise and gifted Always answers every call Is Miss Janette Shaffer Who is a friend to all.

She knows every lesson
From end to the start
And we hope Betty Logan
Will get her "Mark".

"The meeting will come to order"
When we hear those words so clear
You can bet your life, our president.
"Herb" Spigelmyer is near.

Next comes Alvin Peterson
Sometimes known as "Chubby"
Of his disposition we know this much
That some girl will get a good "hubby"

Henry Wojtaszeck
Without even a care
But when it comes to a riot
He surely does his share.

Who always takes part
In every debate;
It's Jimmie Carns
Never known to be late???

The author I'm certain
Is glad of the fate
That made her a member
Of the class of twenty-eight.

-Inez M. Griffith '28

## Stars

With other lands to visit
They dare not tarry long,
They have no time to linger
And listen to my song.

Past my bedroom window
The stars go sailing by.
One by one, two by two,
Traveling through the sky.

So past my little window
They speed upon their way,
To greet other little children
Before the break of day.

-Olive Carbaugh, '28.

## Sandy Hi

S is for Sandy High School, for which we strive;

A is for Athletics in which we abide;

N is for No, and we have few;

D is for Dumbness, of which we never knew;

Y is for Youth we still possess.

H is for Hard Work and Hark!
I is for Idleness, that's us.

## Calendar

#### MAY, 1927

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- 12. New Flambeau Staff elected.
- 13. Moving Up Day. Juniors presented Seniors with gifts.
- 16. Everybody planning for the Reception.
- 17. Faculty and Board entertained by the Freshman Vocational girls.
- 18. Hooray! Junior-Senior reception. Even if it did rain we had a swell time. Leave it to the Juniors.
- 19. Girls' annual "Hi-Y" banquet. New officers and "big eaters" announced for next year.
- 20. Sophomore-Senior Reception.
- 23. Exams began.
- 27. Exams over until next year. No annual class night this year. Seniors presented their play, "Three Hats."
- 31. We learned our fate in Chapel this morning. Commencement tonight!

### September

- Showing a vast increase in the growth of our High School. Also a new "Prof." since Prof. Attinger left us. We believe Mr. Hackenberg will take Mr. Attinger's place. We also were forced to add to our faculty Miss Jones, on account of our many "Greenies."
- 7. Two more Seniors this morning: Mary Pettit, formerly of Erie, and George Scott, a former DuBois High School student.
- 8. The "Greenies" are surely having a fine time getting lost and found in the crowd.
- 9. No serious studying has been done yet, but so far so good.
- 12. Athletic Association membership drive was started today.
- 14. Flossie's birthday today—Seniors celebrated at noon.
- 20. Senior girls reorganize their Club. More good times in store for the
- 23. Miss Bailey's Juniors won the ticket prize for having 100 per cent Athletic membership.
- 26. Senior Class have a "Two-Bit" party at the DuBois Outing Club. Games and dancing will be the main feature of the evening, with a wiener and marshmallow toast.
- 30. P. D. and Chemistry tests enjoyed by the Seniors today.

### October

- 3. Same as usual.
- 4. Junior Girls organize a club, calling themselves the C. K. C.'s.
- 9. Freshmen have a class meeting and elect their officers for the year.
- 12. Senior Girls hold candy sale in the lower halls today.
- 14. Every day in every way the Seniors get better and better.
- 17. Boys' Hi-Y and their girl friends enjoy a party at the DuBois Outing





- 22. Senior Class meeting.
- 29. Blaine Gent sporting a new tie!
- 31. Hallowe'en party at Hi School for the Junior class.

#### November

- 3. What one of our Seniors heard coming up the hill: Grace—"I think your boy friend is wonderful. I wouldn't mind marrying him myself." Evelyn—"All right, dearie, I'll let you know when I've finished with him."
- 6. More visitors today—I guess the ex-graduates just can't leave.
- 9. Mr. McConnell, a missionary from China, from the Y. M. C. A., gave an interesting talk on "The Chinese Situation," to the pupils this morning. A talk that will no doubt be remembered by all those present.
- 10. A Science Club organized for the Seniors. Officers elected were: President, Emery Bailey; Vice President, Paul Lewis; Secretary-Treasurer, Olive Carbaugh. It was decided to hold a meeting once a month.
- 11. Armistice Day Program. Mr. Hackenberg gave an interesting talk of his experience during the war. Mr. Attinger, our ex-prof., was also here and gave us an interesting talk. It surely did seem good to have him here with us again.
- 16. Orchestra entertained us with a good program in Chapel this morning.
- 20. Freshie—"Gee, you ought to see the good jokes my sister brought home from college." Another Freshie—"Mine only brought one, and he's at our house now."
- 26. Thanksgiving vacation.
- 30. Everyone working real hard.

#### December

- 1. Everyone working very hard for vacation.
- 2. Deer season. Senior and Junior boys take a few days off.
- 5. Receive new books for our Library.
- 12. Senior boys are very gallant these days. They stand at the bottom of the hill to pick up the girls that happen to fall.
- 15. Junior-Senior Vocational girls serve the Faculty a Christmas dinner.
- 16. More credit to the girls; the dinner was "good". Ask the Faculty.
- 18. Test! Test! Test!
- 20. Getting ready for a big program that the "Nitwegi" are giving us. Had a program—also a gift box, then went home for the Holidays.

#### January

- 3. Back from Vacation. Everyone raring to work.
- 5. Ice cream sale by Girls' "Hi-Y."
- 10. By the looks of things, the "green" is wearing off the Freshmen. They surely do get good marks and can beat the rest of the school for good attendance.
- 11. Boys' Hi-Y entertain the Girls' Hi-Y at a dinner this evening.
- 12. Miss Rice returns after an absence of a month due to a severe illness.
- 13. Seniors give an excellent program in Chapel this morning.
- 15. Have our usual visitor again today—"Honey" Lucore. He must intend to take a post-graduate course.





- 16. Faculty meeting.
- 18. Semester Exams.
- 24. DuBois "Hi-Y" Girls and Sandy "Hi-Y" Girls have a joint meeting. Good time!
- 26. Dr. J. W. Yoder, of Juniata College entertained the school today, in the Auditorium, by singing songs. He also gave an interesting talk.
- 27. The girls are very discouraged over their Basket Ball team—but we'll have to give them credit and live in hopes that they win tonight.
- 30. Play books given out for the play, "A Regiment of Two."
  31. Program in chapel by Miss Bailey's pupils. Very good.

### February

- 1. Freshman receive their pennants, etc.
- Martha Sturm gave her opinion of Adams in the study hall this morning. Hate to tell you what the opinion was.
- 3. Wonderful day for playing hookey—Avenue and Carlton will have a lot of trade, no doubt.
- 3. Sandy plays Brockport tonight.
- 6. We won! Big celebration!
- 7. Captain Pickett made his yearly visit to High School today.
- 9. Peppy Pep Meeting in Chapel, also a fine program. Some more of Mr. Herrold's good work.
- 10. Stage all dolled up with new paper and pictures for the coming play.
- 10. Game tonight. I wonder if we will win?
- 13. We did! More celebrations.
- 14. Nitwegi Club held a Valentine party in the auditorium. Good time enjoyed by all those present.
- 15. Miss Jones still picking on the Freshies and Sophs. Must be some enjoyment in it.
- 16. Miss Wolfe, in French Class: "Keep your books 'Fermez,' please."
- 20. Frosh go for a sleigh-load.
- 21. Lot of tired people, after having to walk back from the sleigh-load last night.
- 21. Matinee for "Regiment of Two" given.
- 22. Play given tonight.
- 23. Girls' Hi-Y have their picture re-taken today. Guess they thought they didn't do enough damage to Steinberg's camera.
- 24. Sandy plays Sigel at the Central "Y" tonight.
- 27. Good English week begins.
- 28-29. Still more of English Week.

#### March

- 1. Characters picked for "Senior" play.
- 2. The "cold" must have scared the Seniors—quite a number were absent.
- 5. Juniors change the arrangement of their desks.
- 7. Local News: The Senior Class gave a shower for Mrs. Eugene Sayers, nee Martha Sturm, one of the popular Seniors, who was married February 1.

April

1. April Fool!

—Jessie A. Killila, '28.





## Women in Politics

HAVE women a rightful place in politics? Or is it their duty to remain at home busying themselves with the home and its interests?

In Rome in the early ages the women were barely allowed to go out of the home. The custom of women attending business with her husband was absolutely forbidden. There were very few exceptions. A woman's place was in the home, attending the home duties and rearing the family.

The Indian squaws busied themselves around the tepee while the husband or warriors went to war or hunted or sat around the tepee enjoying himself.

With the settling of America, women began to take an interest in outside affairs

and today women are in the race with men for responsible political positions.

Many people were opposed to "Ma" Ferguson's term as governor. But "Ma" handled the job as good as many men would have, so why shouldn't she have had the position?

But are all the women "running" for office capable of handling them? "Certainly not" is a fitting answer.

Neither are all the men.

There are women today who are police chiefs, presidents of colleges, and who hold responsible political positions and who have proven their capability of handling their positions. Many people look forward to a woman president of the United States in the near future.

If a woman can handle such an office why limit her genius to her home?

-Florence D. Jones, Editor-in-Chief.

#### . . .

# The Future of Athletics in Sandy High

A THLETICS in Sandy High promise to be more successful in the future than in the past. This year has been a more successful one than Sandy has had for several years. The school spirit has also been much better, and the games have been well attended. There are, however, two things which are necessary for a successful future in athletics. They are the support of the school and community, and a gymnasium.

The support of the school and community is a big factor in making a successful team. For if there is a large crowd to cheer the team on, they will put forth a much better effort than they would otherwise. When they are given good support their spirits are high, and they go into the game full of pep and determination to win, whereas, if they are not given the proper support their spirits will be low and they will not have the pep and determination to win that is necessary for a good team to have.

A gymnasium in which the players can practice as much as they wish plays a bigper part in developing a good basketball team than we are apt to suppose upon first thought. There would be more candidates, and from this addition of material there



would be a better chance to pick a good team. If Sandy had a gymnasium there would be a much better chance of having a good team than there is at present.

—A. C. B., '28.

## **American Materialism**

A RE we getting a square deal in the foreign views of our American people?

In some late books, written by foreign authors, which deal with the life of the American a critical finger is pointed at our "materialism."

Is it then discreditable to our country to be prosperous? Is it against our people to have a desire for luxuries and conveniences if we labor hard to obtain them?

Because some of the foreigners bewail the fact that America is "going to the dogs" on account of the great desire for wealth, a number of our own citizens are taking up the cry also.

Is this fair to America, to our ideals and life? And most of all, is this true?

When the name of Henry Ford is mentioned we usually think of a man whose sole purpose in life is to amass a fortune, larger than any man before him ever dreamed of having, but is this the right impression of this man? Consider this, where would he have been today if he had had the same idea that we thought he had instead of providing for the public a means of cheaper transportation and helping the poor as much as he has?

Does Mr. Edison actually know his exact income? He certainly does not; his zeal is directed toward getting something worth while accomplished.

As another example, Col. Charles Lindbergh, did he make his wonderful flight to Paris to receive only wealth? If so, why doesn't he accept the money offered him? Is he making his good will trips only for his own benefit and personal honor? No; but for the good of the country. Had he been doing these things for personal gains, he certainly would not have won a place in the heart of every true American as he has done.

In the near future, we shall realize as well as our neighboring countries across the seas that our aim is not only wealth, but to create for mankind a wonderful industrial system that will touch the depths of morality, even more than we have dreamed of.

Let us, as American citizens, realize the mistakes so many have made regarding our country and correct it for the benefit of this great nation of ours.

-Inez Griffith, Associate Editor.

## The Progress of Trans-Atlantic Voyages

IN THE year of 1492 Christopher Columbus crossed the great Atlantic Ocean. The voyage of his three little ships took sixty-five days. Two months and five days was then considered as very good sailing for such a great distance.





Then in the year of 1818 the "Savannah," an American ship, propelled by sail and steam crossed the Atlantic in a period of twenty-seven days. During the voyage the ships were propelled by steam for eighty hours and the rest of the time they went under sails. This was the first steam ship to cross the Atlantic.

In 1838, the "Sirus," a small ship which ran entirely with steam, made the trip across the Atlantic in seventeen days. The "Great Western," a larger steam ship than the "Sirus," left England four days later but entered the New York harbor only a few hours later than the smaller ship, making the voyage in fourteen days.

The modern steamer makes the voyage in five days. These ships are much better

equipped for a rough voyage. These ships use oil as fuel.

Captain Charles H. Lindbergh, the first aviator to succeed in a flight across the ocean, made the flight in thirty-three hours, in May, 1927. This ushered in a fete of trans-Atlantic flights. "Lindy" made the trip in a monoplane propelled by a Wright whirlwind air cooled motor, "The Spirit of St. Louis."

At the present a super-dirigible, the R-100, is being constructed which will carry 100 passengers and has all the modern railroad, parlor car conveniences. It will make the trip in approximately one day and one-half. On the trial oceanic flight they wish to have aboard: "Lindy," Ruth Elder, Chamberlin, Byrd and other great fliers, by special invitation of the British Government. The minimum rate per person would be \$400. Ihis would be a very reasonable rate.

Who can tell what the next step shall be?

# Success

THE question which arises in our nation today, is the question of success. I wonder if we knew the path to success, how many would follow on?

What is success? It can be many things. To the professional man it means winning a place of prominence in his profession. To the business man it means a business that grows and expands year after year. To a clerk or mechanic it means promotion in their own work and the possibility of going into business for themselves.

There are many things to be done if we want to have success. First the knowledge of one's work is essential. This means study. There must be a willingness to work, and there must be also unlimited persistence. Nothing can take the place of persistence. Opportunity or powerful friends are of no value if that quality is lacking.

A person may have a brilliant mind, a fine education, and a strong body, but if he lacks the quality of persistence the battle of success is lost before it is ever started.

An illustration of success was Lindbergh's flight to Europe in the spring of 1927. It was beyond doubt the greatest feat ever performed by an aviator. The Atlantic ocean had been crossed by an aeroplane, but not in a non-stop flight. Captain Lindbergh stayed in the air from the time he left Long Island until he landed in France. Chamberlin had a non-stop flight, as did Byrd, of North Pole flight fame. These men had associates, but Lindbergh flew alone. This showed Lindbergh strived for his goal.

There are today thirty-six young men and women in our class who are trying to make success their goal. I wonder how many will succeed.

-Kathryn E. Taylor, '28.





## Grandma's Precious Picture

MOTHER, I'm going to Beth's tonight; I simply can't have Donald come here with that horrible picture hanging in the parlor."

"But, Marcia-" began Mrs. Monroe.

"Well, I don't care," went on the flapperish, dainty Marcia, "I simply can't have Donald in with that picture hanging in front of us, mocking us. I feel as if the room is haunted." This was emphasized by a stamp of her dainty chiffon-clad, satin-covered foot.

"Hush, Marcia," warned her mother, "if Grandma hears that she will be oftended. She's upstairs now, but she'll be down immediately. All right, you may go to

Beth's," she added as "Grandma's" footsteps were heard on the stairs.

"Atta girl," replied Marcia with vim, "that's some spirit. I'll call you up from there. I may stay all night. "And with that she pulled down her "Lindy" hat over her short curly auburn hair, snatched her purse from the buffet and with a "Good-bye Granny, good-bye Mother," she dashed out the front door, her dark eyes flashing in her delight.

"Mother's some sport," she said to herself in an audible voice, "and Grandma's some crab. She sits and watches that picture for hours, as if she could see right through it. I don't see why she does it. When I did take it down once to see what was back of it she knew right away it was handled and I got some bawling out. I'm gonna peek sometime and see what she does. She must suspect something because she never does a thing except sit and watch it. I would take it down but Grandma would be real cross. I'll think of some way to get rid of it."

She turned a corner and met Beth, who was doing a little shopping. The two chatted happily and went toward the hairdresser's shop, where Beth had an appointment.

Meanwhile Mrs. Monroe was making her mother comfortable in the parlor. She brought her bedroom slippers, her glasses and her knitting.

Seating herself on the wing chair, "Grandma" Reede gathered up her knitting.
"You don't mind if I go over to Mrs. Van Tyson's do you, mother?" inquired Mrs.
Monroe.

"Certainly not," answered Grandma.

Mrs. Monroe gathered a few flowers from the flower bed and put them in the parlor, changed clothes, and departed for her friend's home.

Enroute she thought how eager Marcia had been to go to Beth's. "But at that," she soliloquized audibly, "I can't blame her. That picture must be done away with. I can't bear it any longer. Who wants that old-fashioned thing in our house; and in the parlor, too? Mother is the only one—if it weren't she, it would have been burned long ago. But then Mother has a neat little sum of money tucked away. Goodness knows which bank, but she has it and I want it. So I guess the old picture will have to hang a few years yet. Let me see, she's 65 now. Well, I ought to be \$15,000 richer at least in 5 years' time."

By this time she had reached her friend's home.

"Grandma", left alone, knitted happily, glancing at the picture occasionally. "Good old picture," she murmured aloud. "Quite old but it serves the purpose. If Marcia





wasn't so flapperish and if Carolyn wasn't so outspoken they could share the secret; but as it is I'll keep it alone." She mused thus until she fell asleep, her knitting fell out of her lap onto the floor. Finally Carolyn (Mrs. Monroe) came in and finding her mother asleep, she began to prepare dinner. Just as she finished the telephone rang shrilly, and awakened "Grandma."

Mrs. Monroe answered the call. It was Marcia, saying that she would come home immediately because Donald was called out of town immediately and had just time enough to bid her good-bye. In a few minutes Marcia rushed into the house. "Grandma" went to bed, saying that she had a severe headache, but in reality she was hurt very much indeed. Her own daughter and grand-daughter treated her so cooly. "Whatever can be the matter?" she thought, but she soon fell asleep without solving the problem.

Downstairs mother and daughter were planning. Marcia could restrain herself no longer.

"I'm going to get it over with and I'm going to do it tonight," she hissed.

"All right," whispered her mother, "let us do it together."

"Sh-sh! we must do it quietly," whispered Marcia. "We can rush her around for a day and by the third day it'll be too late to care. Let's take her on a picnic tomorrow afternoon in the park.

"All right," agreed her mother.

Quietly the two set to work. It was soon over.

"There, I feel better!" commented Mrs. Monroe, "a great deal better."

"Ditto!" added Marcia. "Let's go to bed now."

Together they climbed the stairs and soon Marcia was sleeping peacefully with a victorious feeling. But Mrs. Monroe lay awake until nearly dawn worrying about how cross her mother would be when she saw the pictureless parlor. When she did fall asleep it was a troubled and nervous sleep. The next day they had a hard time to keep "Grandma" out of the parlor. After the picnic, they returned home and in spite of Marcia's and her mothers' efforts to keep "Grandma" out of the parlor, "Grandma" went into the parlor with the excuse of getting her knitting, which she left on a small stand in the parlor. Immediately she noticed that the picture was missing. Her beloved picture missing!

"Carolyn! "Marcia!' she called huskily. "Come here!"

Obeying the call they came with reluctant steps.

"Where is the picture of the 'Madonna' that was here?" Grandma asked quietly.

"We burned it," answered Marcia, trying to act unconcerned.

Mrs. Monroe added, "It was such an old-fashioned thing, that our new parlor suit didn't look well with it in the room.

"Grandma" gave a little nervous laugh.

"So it didn't look good?" she said. "Well, you burned the \$15,000 when you burned the picture, because my whole fortune was hidden in the picture."

-Florence Jones, '28.





## The West As It is Portrayed

THE thought of the great wide open spaces holds many thrills for me. I can picture the great almost treeless plains with a few bushes scattered over it and occasionally you can detect an Indian running from one bush to another. Just appearing on the horizon the sharp eye can see a large number of covered wagons, traveling perhaps to California in search of gold. These wagons are drawn by oxen and ahead of this procession two men are traveling on horseback, on the lookout for Indians, to assure the safety of the people in the wagons.

In the more hilly part of the country a large ranch is located. This consists of a large building and many long, low ranch houses. A beautiful blond young lady on horseback draws reins and the horse stops in front of the large house. She informs her tather, who comes running out to greet her, that thieves are stealing the cattle. He immediately runs out to the ranch house, a long low building with a narrow porch. Here, seated on benches and discussing the fall round-up are the cowboys. They are long

lanky fellows each with a chew of tobacco in his mouth.

These cowboys wear bright plaid shirts and sheepskin trousers with long fringe down the sides. Around their necks are red bandana handkerchiefs and their eyes are shaded by large ten-gallon hats. Dangling from each one's side is a holster and in it a gun. On their feet are leather boots with high heels not one pair being less than a size ten.

On an old wooden soap box a basin which the cowboys use for the purpose of washing is setting rather lop-sided. Above this a once white but now in some spots black,

When these men hear the news, they quickly mount their horses, which are decorated gaudily, and in a few seconds are lost on the horizon.

-Inez M. Griffith, '28.

# What a Trip!

I CAN'T remember how, nor why, I ever became a member of the moon-bound expedition that based its hope in an enormous glass contraption called the "Mary Lou"—but that doesn't matter, here I am—doomed to go to the moon in a crazy invention that by the sudden overcoming of the gravity would be hurled at the moon at the rate of 1000 miles per hour, thereby reaching it in about 10 days.

Only a day more to wait! Then suddenly misfortune laid her hand on our shoulder. Mr. Dodd, our second mate fell seriously ill, forcing him to give up his hopes of

remaining at his post.

This vacancy was filled, after the news of Dodd's illness became public, by a man named Anderson. Anderson was an adventurer through and through, he had excellent references from Captain Hastings, the explorer who had penetrated the South Polar region and had made discoveries that had shaken the world's biological knowledge,—he found and brought home a baby Dinosaur!





At last—the night of the great test (our gravity-repelling machines had not been tried but the models had worked satisfactorily). I sat trembling on the edge of my bunk; I could hardly stand, my knees were so shaky. The rest of the crew felt much the same, but all, by concentrated effort, fought the feeling back, got it in a corner and sat on it.

Our telescope was focused on the eastern horizon so as to catch the first glimpse of the moon—then the gravity repelling machines would start, and then—the trip from which none of us expected to return.

We intended, when we would have reached the moon, to set up a wireless station and converse with our friends and tell them of our discoveries, and to wait until our fate overtook us. We knew that we were doomed to stay on the barren surface of that burnt out sun until we starved, froze or roasted, for the moon does not rotate rapidly enough to send us back. Then, perhaps, our machines would not function properly on a different world.

Slowly the moon rolled into sight! The machines started! The earth dropped away! The trip was begun!

The crew, after we finished a few minor duties, stood looking through the floor at the earth receding from us. Steadily we gazed at it—the loved globe that had been our home.

It took mighty will power to keep our feelings under control, but we managed it somehow.

Through those first 8 days the time passed slowly, but we made the best of it and most of our time was consumed in card games. I lost most of my money—but what good would money do me on the moon.

In the afternoon of the 8th day we began to take observations and with the naked eye we could see things that were invisible to the most powerful telescopes on the earth.

The ninth day passed, reckoned by a clock as we, out in space, had no darkness, and at its close we could feel the pull of the moon quite strongly. Finally, all observations complete, Captain Powers (called "Pin Head" by the crew) closed his book with a snap and with a "Well, boys, now comes the final test," went to the gravity resistings machines to start them again to slacken our speed.

He reached in one pocket, in another, then another, his face turned white, he leaned against the table and gasped, "Boys! The key! The key! I can't find the key!"

Our hope, our only hope, was the key necessary to switch into motion the gravity resisting machines—else a plunge against the ever-increasing surface of the moon.

For a moment we were staggered by the thought, but as the horror left, we started to hunt that precious key. Only one did not join in that frantic search—our mate, Mr. Anderson.

A minute passed by, five, fifteen, and still the key remained hidden!

Unless we found that key—we had forty-five minutes to live!

Anderson had sat down, at the first of the hunt for the key, on a chair, and buried his face in his hands. Suddenly I heard a peal of hollow maniacal laughter. I turned around; Anderson had risen from his chair and stood facing us and laughing, yes! laughing!

"Ha! ha! ha! To Death—lovely Death! Here! Here! is the key! I've got it! The lost key will not kill me alone—we shall all die together. Ha! ha! ha!"





We surged toward him, but he only laughed the more. "Ha! ha! ha! You can't get it! It's hidden good. Ha! ha! I've swallowed it! Ha! ha!"

We struggled with him and finally downed him, searched him, but the key was not to be found. True, He had swallowed it! Then as soon as we realized that there was no hope for us, we sat and watched our door—the moon—approaching us.

The minutes passed. The moon drew closer—closer! The craters yawned wide as if inviting us to their greedy mouths. Only a few more minutes to live. All were praying—

Then—the CRASH!

"Am I in Heaven? I must be-look at the-"

"Come now, you'll have to take this medicine," broke into my musings.

I glanced up but winced from the pain the action produced. And there—as sure as my name's O'Brien,—was old Doc Spears.

"Hello, Doc," said I, "how did I get here and what happened to the rest of the expedition?"

Doc looked at me as if I were crazy and answered gruffly, "I don't know anything about any 'expedition', but if you want to know how you got here, here's the story. You were picked up on the street, dead drunk, and when they were bringing you to the station a fire truck hit the patrol wagon and your left leg and a few ribs were broken. But come on now and take that medicine; it'll get rid of that whisky headache of yours. Then you can go back to sleep and back to your expedition, for all I care." Saying this he arose and stamped out.

A drunken dream? Yea, brother, but what a dream and what a trip! Still I can't help but wonder what would have happened if I had taken that last drink that Jim offered me?

-G. K. Scott, '28.

# The Little Paper Boy

HOW cold it was! It was almost night on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and darkness, a poor little boy with bare head and naked feet roamed through the streets. It is true he had on a pair of slippers when he left home, but they were not of much use.

They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to his father, and the poor little boy had lost them in running across the street to avoid two cars that were coming along at a rapid rate. One of the slippers he could not find and a group of larger boys seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that they could use it as a cradle when they had children of their own.

So the little boy went on, his little naked feet quite red and blue with the cold. In an old bag he carried some papers. No one had bought anything from him the whole day, nor had anyone given him a penny.

Shivering with cold and hungry, he crept along. Poor little child, he looked the





picture of misery! The snow flakes fell on his bare head, but he regarded them not. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's eve; yes, he remembered that.

In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, he sank down and huddled himself together. He had drawn his little feet under him, but he could not keep off the cold; and he dared not go home, for he had sold no papers and could not take home even a penny of money. His father would certainly beat him, besides it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with rags and straw. His little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

Ah! Perhaps if he would light the matches that he found in the box they would do him some good, if he could draw them from his pocket and strike them against the wall, just to warm his fingers. He drew one out. Scratch! How it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as he held his hand over it. It was really a wonderful light.

It seemed to the little boy that he was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! It seemed so beautiful and warm that the child stretched out his feet as if to warm them, when lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and he had only the remains of the half-burnt match in his hand.

He rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent gauze. He could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white tablecloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and came across the floor with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little boy. Then the match went out! There remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before him.

He lit another match, then he found himself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which he had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches and colored pictures, like those he had seen in the show windows, looked down upon them all. The little one stretched his hand out toward them—the match went out!

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, and the light shone around him. In the heaven. Then he saw a star fall. "Someone is dying," thought the little boy, for his old grandmother, the only one who loved him, and who was now dead, told him that when a star fell, a soul was gone up to God.

He rubbed another match on the wall, and the light shone around him. In the light stood his old grandmother, clear and shining, yet loving. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "take me with you! For I know that you will go away when the match burns out; you will fade away like the warm stove, the roast goose and the beautiful Christmas tree."

And he hurried to light the rest of the matches in his box, for he wanted to keep his grandmother there. His grandmother never seemed so beautiful before as she did then.





She took the little boy in her arms and led him away up in the heavens, where there was no cold, hunger, or pain, for they were at home with God.

In the morning there lay the poor little boy with pale cheeks and ragged clothes. He had frozen to death on the last evening of the old year, and the New Year's sun arose on his little corpse.

But no one knew what he had seen and how he had gone with his grandmother into the New Year. No one could account for the smile.

## Seasons

Announcement of Program.
FIRST

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; the wonderful exhibition of the Seasons is about to commence. There are four shows and this is the best ventilated place of entertainment in this or any other system; the stage lighted by solar, lunar and astral lamps; an efficient police will preserve order; gentlemanly ushers will introduce all newcomers to their places.

The performance is in twelve parts; overture by the feathered choir, after which the white drop curtain will rise, showing the remarkable succession of natural scenery designed and executed solely for this planet; real forests, meadows, water, earth and skies. At the conclusion of each series of performances the storm-chorus will be given with the whole strength of the wind-instrument orchestra, and the splendid snow scene will be introduced, illuminated by grand flashes of the Aurora Borealis.

Admission free; refreshments furnished; complete suits of proper costume supplied at the door, to be returned on leaving the exhibitions."

#### Last.

#### MORE COMMENTS

And so, my fellow spectator at this great show of the Four Seasons, I wish you a pleasant seat throughout the performances, and that you may see as many repetitions of the same as it is good for you to witness, which I doubt not will be arranged for you by the Manager of the exhibition. After a time you will notice that the light fatigues the eyes, so that by degrees they grow dim, and the ear becomes a little dull to the music, and possibly you may find yourself somewhat weary, for many of the seats are very far trom being well cushioned, and not a few find their bones aching after they have seen the white drop-curtain lifted and let down a certain number of times.

There are no checks given to you as you pass out, by which you can return to the place you have left. But we are told that there is another exhibition to follow in which the scenery will be far lovelier and the music much sweeter, and to which will be asked many who have sat on the hard benches and a few who have been in the gilded boxes at this preliminary show.

Dear Readers, who have followed me so graciously through this poor program of this fleeting performance (called Life), I thank you for your courtesy, and let me venture to hope that we shall both be admitted to that better entertainment, and that you and I may be seated not far from each other.

—Betty Logan.

unior Fragees m. Thaggett 29 Christma Lewis '29 Leonard P. Middleton 29 Betty Ross 29 Lillian Peterson 29 anne Roberton 29 Mady Patterson 3 John askenfelty 99 Myse Thagenow 29
Sum anderson 29 Blaine Tilac 29 Earl Rupert Heith Bartary 29 Francis Place 29 alice Walburn

althea Burns. Virginia C. Cummine "29"

Josephine M. Shirie 29 alberta Charfeeld 29 minnie Clarke 29 Sail Waggett 29"
Saynell Platt 29" Hargant Hatt 29" Edgle of Brassen 29 Wouthy S. Caldwell. 29 Baul Howard 29 Paul Kline'29 Ruchel Piper. "Pac" 29 Mr. albert Drivins 29 Bethy Hocka 29 Bessie Kessler 29 Nirginia R. Killila '29, para L. Jones Stol 29. Krana Postlethwait "29" Chrystal Bertraux 29 Arlene Zilleot " 293. Hoyd ablue 29 Tran Mitchell, 29,







## **Junior Class**

CLASS MOTTO
"STRIVE TO SUCCEED"

CLASS FLOWER

CLASS COLORS
PEARL GRAY AND GOLD

### **Class Officers**

President											 • 17	. Mary	1	Woika
Vice President									 			. Paul	H	oward
Secretary												. Betty	1 5	Salada
Reporter												Bessie	I	Kessler
Treasurer												Ma	ry	Plant

### Roll Call

Floyd Allen
Irvin Anderson
John Ashenfelter
Chrystal Berteaux
Kieth Berteaux
Edgar Brasseur
Althea Burns
Dorothy Caldwell
Dorothy Curry
Alberta Chatfield
Minnie Clark
Virginia Cummins
Albert Divins
Ruth Erickson
Ione Hoover

Paul Howard Nora Jones Bessie Kessler Virginia Killila Paul Kline Blaine Lilac Christina Lewis Leonard Lyons Leonard Middleton June Miles Ivan Mitchell Gladys Patterson Lillian Peterson Francis Place Mary Plant Gaynell Platt

Rachel Pifer
Diana Posthelwaite
Maxine Ross
Anna Robertson
Earl Rupert
Betty Salada
Joseph Shaginaw
Josephine Shivie
Betty Simpson
Earl Waggett
Frances Waggett
Alice Walbourn
Margaret Watt
Mary Waika
Arlene Zilleoux

## Class Notes

On September 21st, the Junior girls organized the C. K. C. Club. Its 35 members assure us that it will be a success.

The Class of Twenty-nine
Is not so bad;
The best that Sandy
Ever had.
At their work they are
Not so dumb;
They sure make the
Old school hum.



## Class Jokes

Florist—"Here are some beautiful cotton blossoms, Miss."

Betty Simpson—"Cotton blossoms? How cheap and vulgar looking! Haven't you any silk blossoms?"

Mary Woika-"I want a cake of soap."

rancy Young Clerk—"Yes, madam; here is Prince Domitroeo's Boudoir soap, highly milled and finely scented. This over here is Madam Nix's velvet Cuticle soap, while this was named after the Prince of Wales. Which one would you prefer, madam?"

Mary Woika—"Have you any soap that will take the dirt off?"

Freshman (at Junior party)—"Now you Juniors crack some wise jokes so that I can get material for the Freshman Class Notes."

"Now remember, my dears," said Mother Raccoon to her children, "you must always watch your step, because you have the skin the college boys love to touch!"

Kieth Berteaux—"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?" Edgar Brasseur—"Sure; send her some candy."

Frances Waggett—"What kind of plants are these?"
Sam Bruce—"They are tobacco plants in full bloom."
Frances W.—"How interesting! How long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"

Gladys Patterson (to Dorothy Caldwell)—"It's a great secret, my dear—a terribly well-guarded secret! And when I tell it to you, be sure and tell everybody to tell everybody not to tell anybody."

Betty Ross—"Is the weather nice outside?" Betty Salada—"No, the wind is windy."

Earl Waggett—"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"
Floyd Allen—"I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers."

Dorothy Curry (pointing to a calf)—"Oh, look at the little cowlet."
Ruth Erickson—"That's not a cowlet, that's a bullet."

John Ashenfelter—"Was your dad's barn hurt during the cyclone?"
Ivan Mitchell—"I dunno; we haven't found it yet."





## "Vengeance is Mine, Saith the Lord; I Will Repay"

THE congregation had sung the first hymn, "Trust All to the Lord." The Rev. A. M. Oper rose to his feet and announced the Scripture reading, "Vengeance is Mine Sayeth the Lord; I will repay." Then he followed with a very eloquent sermon very well prepared and delivered. He resumed his seat while the choir sang the closing hymn.

Molly Brown nudged her companion, "Say, what's the matter with the preacher? Is he getting stage fright or what? He never acted that way before." Her companion was watching him intently.

"It's one of his spells," she whispered in an awed voice, "Mother told me about them."

"Tell me," Molly demanded.

"Thirty years ago, when he was a young man, he was engaged to a very beautitul girl, but his (supposedly) best friend, Tom Brown, beat his time, got his girl, ruined her life, and then ditched her—"

"But about the spells?" Molly interrupted.

Now just wait and I will tell you. He grew to hate his friend as he had loved him before. He nearly wrecked his career as a preacher the first few years in his blind search for revenge on this young man. Finally he drew himself together and has been fighting these attacks of hate ever since."

"Oh, gee, it sounds just like a once-upon-a-time story. Look how white he is, Mary."

Rev. Oper rose to his feet to pronounce the benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep—" He drew himself up stiffly, his eyes fairly blazed into those of a man in the back of the church. Recognition became mutual. Tom Brown exited the front door with the Rev. Oper on his heels. Both men, one the pursuer, the other the pursued, rushed on unheedful of the heavy storm and the dazzling lightning.

Brown stumbled over the root of a tree. A sharp pain ran up his leg and he crumpled up at the foot of the tree. Oper was upon him as soon as he hit the ground. "Vengeance!" he shouted, a maniacal gleam in his eye. He lifted a gleaming knife high and at each flash of lightning lowered it a little, taunting his victim like a cat with a mouse.

The knife was nearly touching. Brown began to plead, "You can't do that, Albert; don't you remember 'Vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord; I will repay'."

Oper hesitated a second and then the knife drove home. A streak of lightning split the darkness; a loud crash sounded, and then silence. Another streak of lightning illuminated the ghastly scene with a brilliant light. The tall tree that had caused the fall of Tom Brown was lying on the ground between the dead bodies of Tom Brown and the Rev. A. M. Oper.

—Bessie Kessler, '29.





## Selfish Dr. Dan

THE snow had been falling softly all day, and now it lay covering the earth like a warm white blanket. The trees and bushes along the roadside hung heavy with sparkling jewels. In the sky were twinkling stars, the same stars whose radiancy had

lighted the way of the wise men to the adored Babe in the Manger.

Mary Jean Lane, hurrying home from a trying day in one of the city's large stores, laughed merrily, then broke into a happy little tune as a frightened rabbit scurried across her path. But why shouldn't she be happy; why shouldn't she be glad? She was alive and living in such a beautiful, beautiful world. Wasn't tomorrow Christmas, and wasn't Dan coming home tonight? Dear Dan, that teasing, taunting, lovable brother. Dan, the pride and joy of his mother's heart; Dan, the adored idol of his little neighborhood; Dan who had been her own pal and companion until he had gone to the city where he had become a great physician. The loved "Dr. Dan" of the rich and poor alike.

But now he was coming home, home, home, her heart sang as she raced up the path and into the house. Her mother met her at the door and was almost smothered in kisses, then whirled around and around the room in a wild dance in the arms of a laughing, breathless Mary Jean. At last she was deposited safe if a little rumpled in a large

chair before the fire, while Mary Jean sat on a small stool at her feet.

"Mary dear, why don't you cultivate a little dignity? Will you never grow up?"

her mother wailed.

"How could I, mother? Dan's coming home! Home! Mother, think of that! I'm so glad I don't see how I can wait. There goes the bell; I bet it's him; I know it's him!"

With that she rushed out of the room like a litle whirlwind. She flung open the door but instead of Dan a messenger boy, a telegram. Something terrible must have happened. With lifeless fingers she signed, then again entered the room a very different Mary Jean. A Mary Jean with a white face and a lagging step.

"Mary Jean, are you sick? Mary dear, what is the matter?"

Mary handed her mother the telegram. Her mother opened it and read, then gave a relieved little laugh.

"It's nothing to be so frightened over, read it, dear."

Mary took the little yellow slip and read along:

Dear Folks:

Sorry I can't be with you this Christmas. Necessary to remain with protege from orphanage.

Love.

DAN.

"Why the idea! How utterly selfish to let his old medicine and pills keep him away from us at Christmas time." This outbreak ended in a deluge of tears. Then in a small voice she added, "I believe I'll go to bed, mother, I have a headache. I don't care for any supper." She turned and left the room.

Hours later Mary Jean was awakened by the sharp peal of the door bell. She





heard the door open and close, then soft subdued voices came to her. She strained her ears but was unable to understand a word. Finally someone came upstairs and into her room. Out of the darkness her mother's voice spoke to her:

"Yes, Mother, what is it?"

"Someone to see you, dear; they're waiting in the living room."

"But mother, who on earth at this hour of the night?"

"I didn't ask their name," was her mother's only answer.

Mary dressed quickly and went slowly down stairs. On the threshold of the living room she was lifted off her feet and enveloped in a big "bear hug" and a hearty voice spoke, "Merry Christmas, little Sister."

"Oh! Dan, is it you, really you?" Here her voice subdued as she asked, "the

orphan, the little girl; what about her, Dan?"

"She's happy, Mary girl. Our Father had a place for her in His home as well as in His heart. At last her starved little soul will have the love the poor crippled little body needed."

"Oh, Dan, don't! Don't please, you're making me cry and I said such mean things. I called you selfish, Dan. You, who would give up your own pleasures to make the last hours of the poor child happy. Dan, I'm selfish and wicked, too."

"Don't say that, Mary Jean; have you forgotten?" Here Dan quoted softly:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Betty Salada, '29.

## Little Johnny Sokilow

H E'S worth his weight in gold, I'd say. He gets five thousand a week, cold cash, and he's worth every cent of it. He's not only the highest paid man on the team, but he also gets a share of the gate money." J. J. Jones, manager of the Rangers, was speaking of Johnny Sokilow.

As can be seen from the opinion of Jones, Johnny was quite a popular and sensational person. He could kick like Thorpe, swerve like Grange, and pass like Mueller, but what made him the sensation of the gridiron was his wonderful stamina. He could whirl through sixty minutes of play at top speed and then two days later repeat. He had geen doing this a whole season.

Johnny had several peculiarities in the game. During the first half he always started by punting. He could punt sixty or seventy yards with ease. Then he never made an opening for himself. He seemed to lie back and wait for an opening in the game. In the last half his system changed. He started to run with the ball. He would swerve, dodge, everything, and no one could catch him.





Always after the first half he would go to his dressing room looking very much worn out. But always, just as the whistle blew, he would come running out apparently as fresh as he was when the game started. No one could understand it.

Then Johnny and the Rangers were scheduled to play the California Comets in Los Angeles. Eighty thousand people were present at the game. Among this crowd were two college professors who had played on the varsity years ago. They were Donald Kent and Henry Brown. With them were their daughters, Irene Kent and Helen Brown.

"Say, that kid is a wonder," said Kent.

"Yes, he certainly is. I don't see how he does it," replied Brown.

Then, "Oh! We must see him after the game, musn't we, Helen?" cried Irene. So after the game the two fathers and their daughters went to the hotel where the team was staying. The hotel was packed with people trying to see Johnny.

Finally they got close enough to the manager to ask him if there were any chances

of seeing Johnny, and this is what he told them.

"You may see anyone else but Johnny, anyone else. Why none of us even have a glimpse of him outside of playing the game. He keeps himself shut up alone, entirely alone, that is, except for his trainer."

"Oh," interrupted Helen, "does he have a private trainer?"

"I'll say he does," was the answer, "and the trainer is an Egyptian."

"Well," said Donald Kent, "if we can't see him now, we'll have to find some other way. Now that you are going to San Francisco next week, why not stop at Santa Barbara and have a little exhibition contest?"

"Yes, I think I could manage that."

"And remember, while you are in Santa Barbara my house is at your disposal," continued Kent.

So it happened that Johnny and his Hadji stayed at the Kent home, and of course Irene asked Helen to stay with her that week. The girls soon became acquainted with Johnny.

One night Johnny was walking with Irene in the garden and said, "What a place! I wish I lived here all the time. I have never seen such a wonderful spot, and as for beauty, I've never seen such a setting nor anyone who more perfectly fitted it," but his conversation ended here. Hadji had come for him and he must go.

A few minutes later he stole away from Hadji. This time he walked with Helen.

"I never dreamed that a garden and a girl and a night could be so wonderful," Johnny was saying. Just then Hadji came for him the second time.

The following evening Johnny was with Irene again.

"Why this is the first time I have seen the view from this point. It is simply gorgeous."

"We were in this very spot last evening," said Irene, "but, oh, I know! You're in love with Helen."

"Well, I-I, that is-" stuttered Johnny.

"Oh, never mind," said Irene and left him.

So it went on for several days. Johnny was always getting in a mixup between the girls.





Then came the big game. Just before the second half closed all the players piled on Johnny. When the referee at last uncovered him, his left arm hung limp and his collar bone was broken. He was carried off the field to the dressing room.

Then just before the game started again, Johnny was seen to dash into the game,

apparently as fresh as ever.

After the game a message reached Irene and Helen saying that Johnny wanted to see them. When they were admitted to the dressing room Johnny was propped up on a bench. He was badly hurt.

"My arm and neck," he smiled feebly.

"But how did you play the second half?" asked Irene.

"But I didn't," answered Johnny.

Then Irene, seeing Helen's colors still attached to Johnny's sweater, said, "Johnny needs you Helen."

"Well, someone needs you, too, Irene," and turning Irene saw another Johnny.

"You see," he said, "we are twins."

"But where is Hadji?" asked Helen bewildered.

"Why sometimes I'm Hadji and sometimes my brother is," laughed Johnny. "But I say, it's a good thing we're twins, isn't it?"

-Ruth Erickson, '29.

## The Mystery House

BENEATH large maple trees there stands a quaint little bungalow. Passersby remark how welcoming it seems to greet them, and marvel that it is deserted. Many houses are built near this dwelling, but none are as appealing as this beautiful house with the large shade trees surrounding it. The grass is long and weeds are growing in the flower garden that was once the pride of the owner.

In this village there lives an old haggard woman who has been known for years as "the fortune teller that lives near the haunted house." There is not one inhabitant of that community who does not know of the "fortune teller."

The old folks look at her and believe her foretellings with a shudder. All the children fear her and stay distant from her dwelling.

This house had been bought and sold many times, but each owner never lived there but one night, when they would be frightened with the terrible shrieks and clattering chairs that constantly rang in their ears. At night queer forms and lights were seen passing the windows. Although the people did not admit they really believed in "ghosts," they were unable to explain the mystery and facts they had seen with their own eyes.

One warm summer day a tall man came walking up the lane that led to the "Mystery House." Being warm, the cool shade trees tempted him, and he sat down beneath them too exhausted with the heat to think. He soon fell to sleep and while sleeping dreamed of a beautiful house with abundant shade.





Upon awakening he looked around. There stood the house he had dreamed about. He had always wanted a quiet place to live. He immediately arose, and after admiring the house he went to the next dwelling to inquire. He knocked at the door, and an old woman dressed in black appeared. He asked her about the house and she directed him to the owner.

On his way to Mr. Gibbs, the owner, he met a friend of his whom he had not seen for years. After a cordial greeting he was asked how he came to be out there. He told him of his plans. His companion looked at him with fearful eyes, exclaiming, "Oh, the 'Mystery House,' why that house is haunted. Didn't the old witch tell you?"

The other chuckled with laughter and replied, "Do you think for one moment I'd have believed it if she had?"

Then his friend, feeling rather like a coward, told him of all the happenings that had taken place in the house, and stated that he didn't believe it either. They parted, agreeing to sleep in the house and find out if the rumors were really true, and if so, discover the cause.

Many times the old fortune teller told it over that it was some one who wanted the house at a cheap rate, that kept the rumpus up, but none of the people seemed to believe her. Everyone knew she never failed with her tellings, but they seemed to be afraid to solve the secret.

That evening at eight o'clock the two friends took bed clothing and necessities for the night to carry out their plans. When night crept on they arranged their beds for a good night's sleep. Bravely, without a spark of fear within their hearts, they blew out the candles that lighted the dingy hall, and crept beneath the blankets. Soon they were sound asleep.

Suddenly a shrill shriek seemed to come from a nearby closet and echo back to the end of the room. They both awoke with a start.

"What'szat?" whispered one. The other hastily responded, "I dunno."

Just then the clinking of chains was heard. They both jumped from their beds with a leap, and hurriedly lit the two candles. One man commanded the other, "You search up here, I'll search downstairs."

Both going their own way, now and then they would jump with fright from their own shadow. The wierdness of the dimly-lighted hallway and the moaning made them tremble with fear, but the downstairs seeker violently shook off his fear and determined to find whoever it was before leaving.

When they were upstairs the chains rattled loudly, and when downstairs they rattled still louder. They finally decided to go to the basement, hoping to find the cause yet fearing they would. After searching every place in the cellar, they discovered the noise was loudest near the flue.

They approached the flue and held their ears closely against it, then the noise suddenly ceased. Then, listening, they heard a faint whisper which seemed to come from the flue. Lifting up some old boards the two bravados found a secret door which was concealed beneath them. Setting down the candles they pried the door open. Steps led down to a dark dungeon that showed a very faint light. The taller of the men led the way down the steps. After descending they found the steps ascended, so they proceeded. Just then a hoarse voice echoed to the top of the flue, shouting, "Caught," and there





in the dim light two faces were seen. The two seekers commanded them to come from their hiding place. After muttering oaths the two captives came boldly out, and the men turned them over to the police.

The next day the episode was reported all over the village. One person would say to another upon meeting, "I have never seen a time the old fortune teller has missed a

telling."

The next day after purchasing the house of his dreams, the tall man was returning home, when the old woman in black peered over her gate yelling at him,

"I told je! I told je!"

-Dorothy Curry, '29.

# Steel

TT was the morning after Bobbie Marx and his father had spent that "chummy" evening together on the veranda of their Richfield hotel discussing the oil industry. Mr. Marx was shaving in the bath-room, the bright, keen blade—it was one of the oldtashioned straight blade razors passing smoothly over the face. Bobbie, who was silently watch the operation, admired the skill with that dangerous instrument displayed by his father.

"You sure can mow the paternal pasture, dad," he cried, referring to his father's

crop of whiskers. "And what a dandy razor you have there."

"Yes, Bobbie, there's first class steel in that blade," replied Mr. Marx as he expertly flashed the strip of metal over the strop.

"Steel, did you say, dad?"

"Yes, razor blades are made of the finest steel."

'Steel is a wonderful product, dad; do tell me about it sometime. It must have a great story."

"You must think I'm a wonder book, Bobbie."

"You're better than most books, dad, because you tell your stories in language that kids like me can understand and follow."

"Thanks, Bobbie, I shall tell you about steel this very afternoon. I know nothing

more interesting or worth while than chats about our great basic industries.

"Steel is a form of iron, Bobbie, but it is superior to other forms of iron for many purposes because it is stronger and at the same time more elastic. It can be tempered to

various degrees of heat.

"This valuable industrial product is made in great mills located at many points over the country. Pittsburgh and Gary, Indiana, are famous for their steel mills. Night and day the fires in the furnaces roar, leaping like the tongue of a great demon into the darkness. The sight of steel mills at night are at once terrifying and fascinating. One sees somehow the soul of America, that genius for vast and swift production, that superb efficiency in business in those throbbing plants standing out in the night like great torches of progress. As a young man in college I watched night after night the great mills at Gary. They fed then as great industries feed now.





"There are three processes used in making steel from iron. These processes make steel that bear their names, and so we have crucible steel, Bessemer steel and open hearth steel. By the crucible process the very finest steel, such as razor blades and watch spring steel is made. Bars of wrought iron are placed in retorts of clay with layers of charcoal and melted in furnaces. Other necessary ingredients are added. The molten iron takes up carbon and when the mass hardens cast steel is the result. This type of steel is sometimes called tool steel.

"Bessemer steel is named after Sir Henry Bessemer, of England, its inventor. Bessemer simply reversed the crucible steel process, for instead of adding carbon to wrought iron he burned the required amount of cast iron. This simple method tremendously reduced the cost of steel and increased its use.

"Open hearth steel is iron melted in an open hearth. By this method old scraps of iron, otherwise waste, is utilized. Most of the commercial steel is made by Bessemer or open hearth process. When steel is wanted for the manufacture of tools it must be tempered. That is, heating the steel to a certain temperature and cooling it slowly. This takes out much of the hardness giving it a new product flexibility. Notice how flexible the razor blade is Bobbie."

Here Mr. Marx showed Bobbie how the blade would bend at the slightest pressure. "So important is steel in the industrial life of the nation, Bobbie, that business leaders and statesmen gauge the prosperity of the country by the condition prevailing in the steel industry."

-Althea Burns, '29.

## ~ ~ ~

# **An Answered Prayer**

OH, Don, look down there. I've discovered the ideal place for you to build your Dream House for you and Elsie. They say lovers like to live by themselves and I certainly do know that you and your Dream Lady hate to be disturbed, but then this is almost too far up in the mountain, isn't it, old pal?" said John Morton to his best friend, Don Melon, as they stood on the high ridge gazing at the scene below. A stream, now frozen, ran through the valley, and far to the right stood an old log cabin.

"I suppose that cabin has belonged to an old hunter, don't you, John? Even if Elsie and I do like to be alone I'd never bring her to a place like this. Oh I know you were only joking. We'd better be going home now or mother and dad will be worried almost to death, and I know yours will be too. Why, it doesn't matter where I go if I don't return when mother thinks I should she worries for fear something has happened to me. I wish she wouldn't do that. I'm old enough to look out for myself. What if we should get lost up here and wander around for a couple of days? We'd freeze to death."

"I'm nearly frozen now," answered John.

"If we'd get lost the first thing mother would do would be to notify the police and get a searching party. Imagine the sons of two of the wealthiest bankers in the city get-





ting lost," laughed Don, just as if they couldn't get lost the same as anyone else.

"Don, what was that? I saw a face at that cabin window just above the sill, or, at least I thought I did," exclaimed John.

"Your imagination certainly is playing tricks on you, John. I didn't see anything. Why people would freeze, living in a shack like that, and besides, there's no smoke coming out the chimney. Come on, let's go home," and he started, John following.

If only these two young men had gone to that cabin to make sure if John was right, but, then, how were they to even guess at the suffering and sorrow in that apparently deserted cabin? For probably these two carefree boys who could not even remember of having an unhappy day of their lives could not imagine a scene like this in the cabin below.

"Mamma, mamma, I want a drink, and say mamma, can't you find just a tiny wee bite of bread in the cupboard? I'm so hungry. Why don't you answer me?" asked the little girl as she tossed her aching head over the pile of dirty rags on which she lay.

"Mamma, are you sleeping? Oh! I'm so cold, too. Isn't daddy coming back ever, and why couldn't daddy talk when they took him away in that big box like you told me they done, mamma? I wish I had been big enough to see him. How hungry I am and my head hurts worse, too. I'm coming over and lay down with you, mamma," and the child started towards the place where her mother lay. The tottering little figure stumbled and fell. She tossed her feverish, aching head back and forth.

"I'm getting warm now, mamma, but why won't you talk to Jessie?" And again she started to cross the floor, dragging her frozen, numb feet after her. How drowsy she felt!

At last she reached her mother's side. What could be wrong with her? Her lips were so blue and her half closed eyes bore a strange look.

"Mamma, mamma," cried the little voice now growing fainter.

The mother whose pride forbade her to beg food and shelter for herself and her daughter was now nearing death's door. At last her pale lips parted and she tried in vain to reach her hand to Jessie, and then she murmured:

"Oh, God! take us out of this agony and please, dear Lord, take care of Jessie."
A faint smile of contentment crept over the kind face as her eyes closed forever.

"Mamma, I'm going to sleep now, but first give Jessie a kiss," and with a last eftort the poor frozen, starving child rose, leaned over her mother for a last kiss, and as the baby lips touched those of her dead mother she fell across her breast—dead.

God had answered the prayer of this mother, for had He not taken them out of their misery?

That night in a happy home the two boys told of their adventure of the day.

"Tomorrow let's go back and go in that cabin, will you?" asked John.

"We will, just to satisfy your imagination," answered Dick.

And so the next day found the two boys at the cabin door. "We'll go in to-gether," said Don to his companion.

They pushed the door open and stood horror stricken at the sight they saw!

—Alberta Chatfield, '29.





# **Junior Poetry**

## **Deeds Not Words**

A man of words and not of deeds, Is like a garden full of weeds; Many poor seeds they each can sow, But no good from these will grow.

The man whose words we always hear, And whose works are never clear, According to these his deeds seem queer; The thoughts of his life are ever drear.

Some words are worth so many things Because of the good deeds they often bring, They seem to fill many hearts with cheer, Because of the great help they leave there.

The seeds from the weeds the wind does blow,
To cause some harm to the plants that grow;
The same is the man who thinks he knows
With his undone deeds and his words that make foes.

-Frances Waggett, '29.

## Bozo

I once knew a man
Who owned a "tin can",
And that "can" was always called "Bozo."
It always needs pulled,
And it always needs pushed,
But oh, how it will go though.
People look and gape at it
As it goes down the street,
For there is not another one
With which it can compete.
People say they bought it,
But that's a lot o' bunk,
For the only place you could get one
Would be in a pile of junk.

-Irvin Anderson, '29,





## Life

Did you ever stop and wonder?

Did you ever stop and think?

That on Life's busy pathway

There are places you will sink.

It may be wealth, it may be sorrow,

That comes along with each tomorrow,

But with each will and care

You are bound to get your share.

—Josephine M. Shivie, '29.

#### Freshmen

Some are tall, fat and awkward, Some are short, lean and dumb, Some are medium in size and brain, And I can't describe some.

They never know where to go, Or what to do when they get there; They're scared to death when excused from class, They never anger the teacher.

But what would we do without them? They're always in our way,
But I won't tell all their faults
Because it doesn't pay.

—Albert Divins, '29.

## Work Done

We play again—'tis summer time,
The winter has fled and gone.
The worries of our lessons o'er,
And this year's work is done.

Has success been our utmost aim,
Throughout our daily task?
Did we respond when teacher called?
This, we ourselves should ask.

If we bestowed the best we had,
Upon our work each day,
Then we have tried to reach our goal,
And great will be our pay.





## Sandy's Faults

Five days a week we climb the hill Which is so steep and muddy, To enter dear old Sandy High Where all we do is study.

We go to classes every day
And recite, but never have fun,
'Cause the teachers never look happy and gay
But always crabby and glum.

The classrooms are small and gloomy,
Instead of large and bright;
The names of pupils are written
On the walls which used to be white.

The windows are dusty and dirty,
And they never see water at all,
Except the outside, which only gets washed
When the rain begins to fall.

The books are torn and shabby,
The blinds are ragged and old;
Some window panes are broken,
And they leave in the cold.

Those I named are not all the faults,
But I think enough has been said;
You'll find the teachers are not to blame,
But the student body instead.

-R. Pifer, '29.

## The Class History

#### FRESHMAN

The first year we came to Sandy
We were as green as grass;
The upper classmen tortured us
But still we were some Class.

#### SOPHOMORES

The next year was much better,
We knew the rooms and rules;
We could now torture Freshies,
And we had our place in school.

#### **JUNIORS**

We now are the bright Juniors,
Called the Class of Twenty-nine,
And when it comes to studies
We surely have polish and shine.

#### SENIORS

Next year we'll be dignified Seniors,
With a determination to win;
It will be a year of fine averages,
We'll remember it as memory grows dim.

-Edgar Brasseur, '29.





## **Just Wondering**

Many a night I wonder why
I see things sparkle in the sky,
And a large round shiny light
Throwing reflections in the night.

Out of the darkness they do peek, As if a certain place to seek; I like to watch them when I'm alone, When all is silent in my home.

The night is so silent, the sky is so clear, The little green lights seem to be near, But very large and very high Are the tiny things up in the sky.

They glitter so brightly all night long, Until they fade out in the dawn. I eagerly wait for the next dark night, To see the moon and stars shining bright.

-Nora L. Jones, '29

## Panther-Love

While strolling out in the woods one day,
I heard a peculiar noise,
But I didn't think of animals that way;
Oh, it's just a few small boys.

What pretty trees and flowers

That were growing around the pond.

The flowers felt fine from sun showers,

And the robin was full of song.

My, the beautiful lilies I saw,
And I forgot about the noise;
To pluck lilies wasn't against the law,
I did so with even poise.

Then walking on a little farther
I was suddenly stricken with despair;
I was caught in the arms of a panther,
Although I thought it was a bear.





This is the end of my life I breathed;
Oh! His clutch around my waist!
How ever can I be relieved?
The animal must be chased.

I was becoming very weak
When suddenly I heard a sound;
Before I had time to speak
The animal fell to the ground.

I was then looking into a smiling face
Of a young man about twenty;
My heart seemed to be at a race,
I suppose I did look funny.

After we had a short conversation
We started on to rove,
I then took into consideration
Had I not been in love?

I was in love and so was he,
Oh, we met often after,
Just think, soon we'll married be
And thrust life into laughter.

Now I think of the good of that harm
Of being caught in the arms of the panther.
I can be caught in more graceful arms,
Now and ever after.

-Nora Jones, '29.

#### . . .

## Teachers of '28

Here's to the teachers of Twenty-eight, I'll tell you about them before it's too late.

A is for Adams, who in English is fine, And we hope he'll remain for the year '29.

B is for Bailey, whose memory cannot fail, And by her History teaching sure does avail.

C is for Cutler, a very neat dame, Teaching Home Economics has won her fame.





H is for Herrold, of whom we're proud to tell, For the success in Math he accomplished so well.

J is for Jones, a new teacher with us, Who teaches the Freshmen without any fuss.

R is for Rice, who teaches us Latin, And is just as fine as silk and satin.

S is for Spigelmyer, for her deeds will be paid, And we're sure that our friendships will never fade.

W is for Wolf, whose friendship will stand, And the way she teaches French sure is grand.

H is for Hackenberg, who with us we hope will stay, And we hope him good luck from this very day.

-Christina V. Lewis, '29.

#### \* \* \*

## To the Class of '29

Here's to the Class of '29, We're straightforward and very fine; We're bound to succeed, as everyone knows, For we're energetic from our heads to our toes.

—Josephine M. Shivie, '29.

#### \* \* \*

The Juniors told the Freshmen:

"The Mexican border pays rent."

"A hard guy is one who sleeps in an iron bed and eats brick ice cream."

"Cat-o-nine tails was a famous cat with nine tails."

"Banana oil is used for frying grease."

"When Knights were bold was last Wednesday and Saturday nights."

Paul Kline's kid Brother-"My teacher is awfully smart."

Paul Kline—"I bet he isn't as smart as my Algebra teacher."

Paul Kline's K. B.—"What makes you think that?"

Paul Kline—"Why, Mr. Herrold can get the answer to a problem whether he knows how to work it or not."

—Bessie Kessler, '29.

Sophmore Fred Jamb "30" Frances Guiher"30" Chester yount "30" John Stanton 30's Laurence me Gill 30's Radney School Kalph Solida Charles Skrabski Herrige Colley Rosie Murray auchey M. alsbaugh 30 Latterine Ross. Ray Hinderliter Leroy Logan '30 Lanuel Deyler'30 FrankKesslet 30"

Ernie Desig 30 Maxwell Brasseur'30 Ben Jones 30 Mon Alwins 30 Lauretta Keausiger 30" Ranaed Former 300 arthur Walbern "30"
Olive Robertson 30
artene Saylor "30" Henry & krabshi "30."
mr. C. J. Dunbas. 30 charles growthy 30 My Kusher "go" Lyna Dunlap 30" Hisaleth 6, malasty 30'







## **Sophomore Class**

CLASS FLOWER RED ROSE CLASS COLORS
MAROON AND GOLD

CLASS MOTTO "STRIVE AND SUCCEED"

#### CLASS OFFICERS

President	 			 		*				Leroy Logan
Vice President.	 	 								.Frances Guiher
Secretary							 			Florence Jones
Treasurer	 									 Ben Jones
Reporter	 									Lavina Colley

#### Class Roll

Audrey Allsbaugh Jesse Bloom Wilda Bish George Benyon Max Brasseur George Colley Lavina Colley Mary Conrad Genevieve Clark Ernest Dessy Eva Dunlap Lorna Dunlap Vernon Dunlap Donald Divins Ronald Farmer Leo Gallis

Frances Guiher
John Harvey
Ethel Heilburn
Ray Hinderliter
Ben Jones
Florence Jones
Frank Kessler
Roy Kessler
Leroy Logan
Lawrence McGill
William Masonis
Roxy Marry
Elizabeth Malasky
Charles Northey
William Pifer

Edna Reinard
Catherine Ross
Loretta Reasinger
Margaret Reasinger
Olive Robertson
Charles Skrabski
Henry Skrabski
Ralph Solida
Samuel Seyler
John Stanton
Rodney Schoch
Frederick Tomb
Arlene Taylor
Arthur Walburn
Chester Yount

## Class Notes

WHEN we came back to school last Fall, we found we had lost many of our classmates. Our class when entering Sandy Hi numbered about 80, but because of the lack of work in the immediate community, many have moved away or quit. There are now about 46 Sophomores enrolled.

On October 17, 1927, the Sophomores held a class meeting for the purpose of se-

lecting the Class Adviser, Miss Spigelmeyer being selected.

The Sophomore class was stricken with another blow in November when our class lost three of its students—Isabelle Minns, Alice Whipple and Catherine Engell. Isabelle and Alice are working. Catherine, with her parents, moved to Smock, Pa., where she also is working. Good luck, kids.





The Sophomore girls are planning to have several "Candy Sales" soon. We hope they will prove profitable—but why worry about the Sophomores, they will always succeed.

The Sophomore class wishes to thank Mrs. Lesher, formerly Miss Margaret Spigelmeyer, for her kindness toward its members during the terms '26 to '28. She has always been ready to help us when in trouble, or when we needed sympathy. The members of Sandy Hi, as a whole, dread to think of her leaving us. We wish her the best of luck.

The Sophomores held a Hallowe'en party at the home of Miss Catherine Engell, October 26, '27. The evening was well spent in playing games, dancing, etc. Everyone reported having had a good time.

. . .

## Class Jokes

Freshman—"Why is the milk so blue here?"
Bright Soph.—"Because it came from discontented cows."

"You do love me, don't you?" he said, looking into her beautiful face. A loving look was in her eyes, as she snuggled her head on his shoulder. He slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a little box. Opening it he withdrew a sparkling cube of sugar. He slipped it into her mouth and with a low whinny she galloped off to the pasture.

"At our house we let Alec do everything possible."

"Alec who?"

"Electricity."

Mr. Herrold—"Can you prove that the proposition of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides?"

George Colley—"I don't have to prove it, I admit it."

John Stanton—"I didn't bring an excuse for being absent yesterday, cause Ma was too busy to write one out."

Mr. Herrold-"Then why didn't your father write one?"

Johnny—"Shucks! He ain't no good at making excuses. Ma catches him every time, and you're smarter than Ma."

Rodney Schoch to Charles Northey—"Say Chuck, how did you get that red on your lips?"

Charles-"Aw! That's my tag for parking too long in one place."

Ronald—"Elizabeth, what part of speech is nose."

Elizabeth—"It isn't any part of speech, you speak with your mouth."





Conductor-"Are you color blind?"

Student Brakeman-"No."

Conductor—"Well then, take this blue pencil up to the red board, and tell that green operator to put his John Henry White on this yellow train order."

Leroy Logan to Frances Guiher, after being married awhile—"This lettuce tastes beastly. Did you wash it?"

Frances-"Of course, and I used perfumed soap, too."

Rink Divins (bashfully)—"May I—er—kiss your hand, Miss Clark?"

Genevieve—"Oh, I suppose so. But it would be much easier to remove my veil than my glove."

#### CLASS OF '30

In twenty-six we started out,
To win our way to fame;
The class of Thirty of Sandy Hi
Will always remain the same.

Our books will guide our footsteps
If we only work with a will;
The teachers will see we do not fail,
If we all keep working still.

When we have at last reached the top
We may look back and say,
We fought for the class of Thirty,
Until the very last day.

-John Stanton, '30.

## HARDEST JOBS IN THE WORLD

Drilling holes in macaroni.

Trying to catch rats by making a noise like a piece of cheese.

Trying to scratch your right elbow with your right hand.

For an elephant to kick a flee in the shins.

Stuffing a rat hole full of butter with a red hot awl.

Trying to blow a hole in a mosquito with a howitzer.

Quenching an elephant's thirst with an eye dropper.

Killing fleas on a fly with a ball bat.

Pull a flea's whiskers with a pair of ice tongs.

Bail out Niagara Falls with a sieve.

Shooting a pimple off a flea's nose with an old fashioned musket.





## The Black Cat

THE wind was blowing fiercely, and there was a steady patter of rain drops upon the window pane. It was one of those nights when one has no desire to go strolling, and besides, had not today been a long and tiresome one? A fire of great logs was crackling invitingly upon the hearth.

I drew up the high backed chair and aimlessly picked up a volume of Poe's works. I sat down and placed the book upon my lap, the pages parted at the story of "The Black Cat." I commenced to read.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. We had birds, gold fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat.

This latter animal was a remarkably large and beautiful one, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree.

Pluto—this was the cat's name—was my favorite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was indeed with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

On this eventful day I had a case in the less frequented parts of the city. I walked; Pluto followed. I told him to return home, but it was of no avail. I even threw sticks at him, but still he followed. So I proceeded, the cat trailing at my heels.

I came to the dirty, dingy apartment house and walking down the long hall ascended to the second floor, Pluto following. I knocked and entered the room, leaving Pluto standing in the hall.

I attended my patient and emerging into the hall was just in time to see a tall man in a dark suit disappear on the third floor with Pluto in his arms. I dashed after him and arrived on the third floor in time to see him enter room number sixteen, closing the door after him.

Here I paused in my reading and wondered. Had I not read this book before? Surely I had, but now it seemed so much different. I looked again at the title and the name of the author. Yes, it was written by E. A. Poe, and it was the story of "The Black Cat." There was some mistake; I knew not what or where. I resumed my reading.

I ran to the door and knocked. The tall man in black answered, and when I asked for Pluto he looked surprised and said he had seen no cat. This made me very angry and a heated argument followed. He again assured me that he had seen no cat, but I knew he lied. I turned and walked away, but returned one-half hour later accompanied by an officer of the police.

We knocked upon the door of room number sixteen; the tall man answered. When he saw the officer he looked frightened. The officer and I entered and commenced the search for Pluto.



The first two rooms contained no trace of him. We opened the door of the third and last room, this room was very spacious and was fitted as a chemical laboratory (I thought that this man must be a doctor, like myself, or a medical man of some kind); great bottles of chemicals were sitting everywhere. In one corner of the room stood a black statue, that of a man very lifelike and lifesize, and I noticed a number of animals also carved from that black material, and upon a table at the one end of the room sat Pluto—very still.

I turned to the officer of the law, and at that very moment the doctor sprang upon me. He caught me unawares and, picking me up bodily, carried me toward a small aperture in the room curtained off from the rest.

The officer leaped upon the doctor and as he was about to cast me into the recess hidden by the heavy curtains. The doctor dropped me and turned upon the officer, revolver drawn, but the officer fired first. The bullet hit the doctor in the arm; he whirled and fell backwards into the recess. There followed a great splash. We ran and looked behind the curtains. There we found a tank of black liquid and into this the doctor had tallen, his one hand still above the black stuff. The officer and I seized this part of the doctor's body and hauled him from the tank. The doctor also had turned into a statue of that black material!

'Twas then that the horror of the thing came upon me!

I awoke to find that I was bathed in cold perspiration and the book had fallen from my hands.

-Ralph W. Solida, '30.

# Mistakes

MEN, women, lads and lasses are bound to make mistakes. Do you believe the statement? If not, look over your works of yesterday, of today, and keep a keen eye on tomorrows. No difference how great they may be, they may seem, no difference how large or how small, you will see, feel and hear the ugliness, beautifulness, roughness, softness, criticisms and congratulations on your mistakes.

I hen you will say, "How did I make so many mistakes?"

The question is not difficult to answer, and I know that some of you are anxious to know.

Now if you will permit me, I will tell it in my own way, which I sincerely believe. Mother Nature has left space among the works that we do perfect for mistakes.

Friends, look over your mistakes, sift them until only the best are left, and get rid of the remaining. My best advice to heal the worst mistakes is to make sound resolutions. Place them in your little red note-book or frame them and hang them in your bed room, where you can leave the light burn until you have completely read the list. Then ask yourself the question, "Have I made the same mistake again today?"

The best or most beneficial mistakes are those similar to the one made by the founder of the Palmer method of writing.





He nearly lost his job on account of his poor hand writing (which today is the standard hand writing taught in American public schools). This man earned a fortune from only one of his mistakes, his poor hand writing. Do you not think that herein is furnished an excellent example of using your mistakes as stepping-stones to progress?

From now on keep in touch with all of your mistakes, one or two or more of which might serve as your stepping-stone or stones to progress.

-Samuel Seyler, '30.

## The Match Seller

A S she passed the doors and windows little Marjorie noticed the happiness within. "I just wish that my home could be made that way," she thought. But it was no use; her father was very cruel and harsh; he had beaten little Marjorie and put her out into the cold to sell matches for him, so that he could buy whisky and get drunk.

She had but few clothes, an old dress which she had got out of a rag bag, and an old pair of slippers which she had received from a lady for scrubbing her porch.

Now Marjorie had been out trying to sell matches, but had not attained any success. She was gradually growing colder and weaker, but she knew that she dared not return home, for she knew if she did, it would mean more punishment, so one by one she would take a match out of the box and burn it to keep her hands from freezing. I ime went on; soon she had taken the last match out of the box, then after she had burnt that she knew no more until a kind-hearted woman was looking into her eyes. She awoke to find herself in a great mansion, with servants to wait on her and to constantly be at her service. She sat up very much startled, eyed everyone, then exclaimed to herself, "This must be Heaven." But to her disappointment it was only a wealthy man's house of New York who had found her out in the cold and had brought her inside to be given care.

She remained with those kind hearted people for many years, but did not forget to take back food and money to her unfortunate little brothers and sisters.

-Rodney Schoch, '30.

# **Smuggled Diamonds**

FRED RALSON was a not unhandsome young man who had appeared in Cove Harbor one day shortly after the news had been broadcasted that a young man, in prison for smuggling, had escaped.

Fred strolled around the little town humming snatches of songs as though he was on the best of terms with himself and everyone else in the world, and then as night was approaching he walked out to the edge of town and down to the beach, where he sat down and lit a cigarette.





Probably half an hour later a black dingy colored schooner passed opposite Fred and then flashed a light three times in succession.

Fred replied by showing a red light, also giving three flashes, and when the crew on the schooner saw it they lowered a boat and two of the men rowed over to the beach.

One of the men exclaimed as soon as the boat touched shore: "Why, hello Dick.

When did you get back?"

Well, I escaped last night, Bill. But let's get back to the ship before some stray

coast guard gets our trail, for we must be very careful from now on."

The men rowed the boat back to the ship, and then when they were safely on board one of the sailors exclaimed, "Why Dick, you have changed a lot; I hardly knew you."

"Well, Bill, my name is Pete."

"Oh yes, Pete of course. You see Pete, when the police slugged me they fractured my skull and I can't remember things very well. I happened to remember our old meeting place just by chance."

"Well Dick, this is very strange; what will Jim say? But come down to the

cabin, for we are going to run her into Pearl Cove, that's our new hiding place."

Fred (Dick) followed the sailor to the cabin where he was left alone. Presently a huge hulk of a man in his shirt sleeves came into the cabin and greeted Dick, and he replied, "Why hello, Captain."

"Since when have I became captain to you, my own nephew? But your head, I torgot. Sit down Dick, while I outline our plan for tomorrow's shipment of diamonds.

"We are to meet the steamer down at the village, in sight of everybody, and there we are to get a load of coal. Concealed in the coal are small copper disks which contain a million dollars in diamonds and opium. Some plan, eh Dick?"

"Yes, sir. A very clever plan, that coal loading in the open will fool them. But, Jim, do you care if I go back to the village to get my luggage, and then I will come

back here and rest up."

Fred was rowed to shore by two of the smugglers, where he quickly walked up to the village and sent a telegram. He then got his luggage, went down to the beach and was rowed back to the ship.

The next afternoon the ship docked in the harbor and proceeded to go about the

harmless task of getting aboard a load of coal.

When the coal was nearly loaded, several of the men who were watching the loading of the coal displayed police badges and commanded the crew to surrender. This they did, protesting all the while.

The coal was examined, and in it were the disks containing the diamonds and the

dope.

"But how did you ever find out my plan?" exclaimed Jim, as he was handcuffed.

"Well, your nephew, Dick, is still in prison, but we broadcasted it around the counties that he had escaped, then we got Fred Ralson, one of our youngest detectives, and who is about the same build as Dick, to dress up and impersonate Dick. And he did it very cleverly, too. He found out your plans, sent us a telegram, and the rest was easy."

The gang of smugglers was broken up and given long terms in prison, and Fred

Kalson received a promotion which he justly deserved.

-Maxwell A. Brasseur.





## Tommy's Troubles

I am a'sittin' in my bedroom
A'wishin' I was dead,
For my mamma always spanks me
When she thinks that I've been bad.
I've an awful pain in my stummick,
Another in my head;
I sit upon the stool, then I
Lie upon the bed.

I believe she nearly killed me,
When she hit me with that stick,
For that's what caused those pains,
And I really feel sick.
I am athinkin' I will run away,
With my pack upon my back;
I'll just sneak out—just quiet like,
And I never will come back.

Where's my shirt and those ol' pants,
Those stockings an' ol' shoes?
Whose that coming up the steps?
And then I couldn't move.
"Tommy," came the sweetest voice,
"If you'll promise to be good
You can come down to Dad and me,
And get your evening food."

Then he heard her hurry down the stairs,
And big tears filled his eyes.

I wonder why I've been so bad.
I wonder—I wonder why.

I'll go down and get my supper,
And have my fun with dad,

For "Maw" won't spank me any more
Unless I'm very bad.

—Lavina Colley, '30.





### **Basket Ball**

You ask me if I like to play, Now what do you suppose I'm going to say? It's the greatest fun, you bet it is; Just as sure as my name is "Liz."

You got to be a sport, you know, When shooting goals, do it just so; Keep your head and take your aim, If not, the loss will be your blame.

You musn't fret, you mustn't growl, Be careful not to make a foul; Work together, play real hard, Either as forward or as guard.

When you come back to school next fall, Be sure to sign up for basket ball. Now this is all I have to say; You're missing a lot when you don't play.

-Elizabeth Malasky, '30.

#### . . .

## The Sophomore Class

We're the Sophomore class, And we'll do our part; We'll stick to it, When once we start.

We may not be smart,
But we're not so green
As some of the "Freshies"
That I have seen.

We are a good class, Take us all around; We always cheer But never pound.

We are the Sophomore class, And we will do our part; We will stick to our job, Now since we have a start.





## A Sad Story

There was an old man
Who lived by the creek,
Whenever he walked,
He walked with a stick.
His head was all gray,
And shaped like an egg;
The stick was all crooked,
As a doggie's hind leg.

He oft went to town
With a kink in his back,
And o'er his shoulders
Was a brown chop sack.
The sack had two holes
As big as eggs;
When the man wore out his pants,
Through these he stuck his legs.

The people often wondered
Why he didn't get a wife,
Who could cook and bake
And use the butcher knife.
But he solemnly replied
To a man one day,
That he had a wife
Who had passed away.

On a sunshiny day
He went for his stroll;
He took a gun
And looked very droll.
The people thought 'twould be the end,
So followed closely by,
And they saw him raise the gun
Close to his eye.

The trigger was pulled,
'Twas followed by a loud report—
He shot himself—a squirrel,
(To make the long story short.)





## Dreaming

Watching the glowing firelight,
When the night is hushed and still,
How often my thoughts fly outward
To the old school on the hill.

And as some quaint old picture,

Comes back to the inner sight,

Alone on the lonely hillside

I see it lie tonight.

The quiet skies above it,

Bend round with a loving glow,

And the gleam of winter starlight

Falls softly on the snow.

—Leroy Logan, '30.

#### \* \* \*

Mrs. Pifer—"Now Rachel, don't forget to buy a big bottle of vanilla extract."

Rachel—"Why mother, I just got you two bottles last week."

Mrs. Pifer—"I know, but since Bill began to go with that "Sandy" girl, he uses it on all his handkerchiefs."

Jack H.—"Wonder why people don't marry in Heaven?"
Marguerite—"I guess there aren't enough men to go around."

Max—"I bet you don't know what the strikers on the East are doing."
I red—"No, what?"
Max—"Nothing."

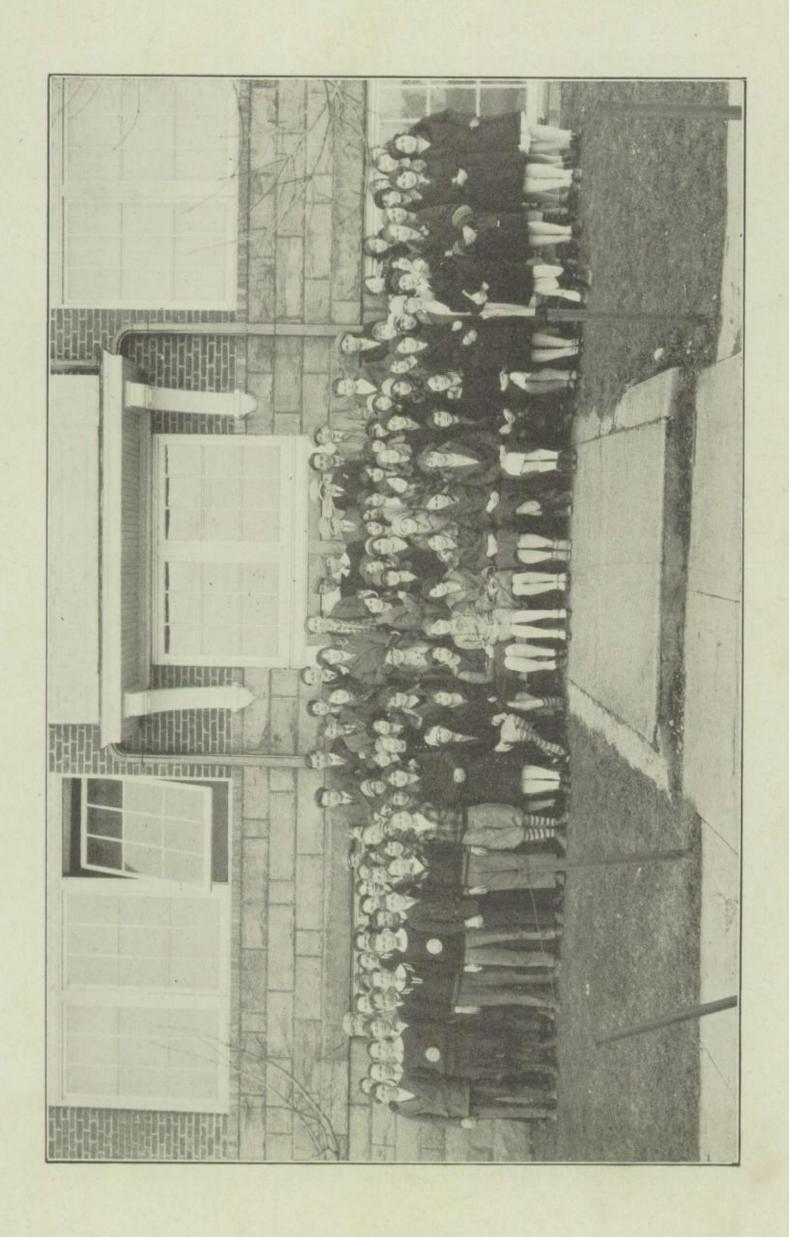
#### **FAVORITE HOBBIES**

Frances Guiher	 	 	 		 					.F	lir	ting	g v	with	Sen	ior	Boys
Margaret Reasinger	 	 	 												"(	ligg	gling"
"Red" Divins																	
Jesse Bloom	 		 	 										.Vi	siting	S	chool
Frank Kessler	 	 	 	 1.	 	200									1	Red	ucing
Olive Robertson	 	 	 						,				. 5	Stud	ying	Al	gebra
Kay Kessler	 	 		 			 			T	alk	ing	a	bou	t "F	lis	Girl"

-Lavina Colley, '30.

Emilie Nelson"31" Loretta Hand. Ken Tomot. waltermalechy Donald Tois. Mary Petrosky anna Golanka mc fanglien George Shark Henry Smith 31









## Freshman Class

CLASS COLORS
OLD ROSE AND SILVER

CLASS FLOWER
PINK CARNATION

CLASS MOTTO
"CLIMB THOUGH THE ROCKS BE RUGGED"

#### **CLASS OFFICERS**

PresidentJohn KohlerVice PresidentJohn PlattSecretaryAgnes MarkTreasurerGarnet MeenanReporterGeraldeine Lyons

On September 26, 1927, the Freshman class held their first meeting, which was called to order by Mr. Adams for the purpose of electing officers. Those elected are as tollows: President, John Kohler; vice president, John Platt; secretary, Agnes Mark; treasurer, Helen Dean.

After the officers had been elected the meeting adjourned.

On January 6, 1928, a meeting was called to order by the president, for the purpose of distributing hats, emblems, and pennants, which had been ordered some time betore. Also the amount of dues to be paid by each member of the Freshman class was determined.

The meeting then was adjourned.

## Freshman Class Roll

Thomas Alexander Vincent Alsbaugh Alberta Alsbaugh Elizabeth Alback Eugene Anderson Charles Badger Wellman Badger Robert Bailey Enoch Beloski Thomas Bolani Thomas Bailey Leila Burns Minnie Bruce Mary Bush James Bolton Charles Boyer Darrel Cole Harry Cowan Nellie Carns Velma Connor

Anna Crook Joseph Carns Wava Clark Teresa Dixon Harold Duttry Mable Dinger Helen Dean Phoebe Dusch Isabelle Ellis Esthereen Fairman Dorothy Flick Virginia Flanders Anna Golanka Jeanette Golub James Gulnac Florence Heffner Edna Hoover Helen Hoover Woodrow Hoover Donna Hamilton

Loretta Hand Andrew Harvey Naomi Hayes Dorothy Heberling Dorothy Heberling Edna Hickman Wayne Hinderliter Kenneth Hollepeter Addrene Kline Sophie Kromer Arthur Kuntz John Kohler Donald Korb Arvella Kessler Philip Kilechner Kenneth Kopp Harry Lane William Licatovich Cecelia Logan Pearl Lydick

Geraldine Lyons Josephine Linsday Madalyn Locus Blair Leach Kenneth Liddle John Lindahl Arthur Maier Garnet Meenan Mae McLaughlin Walter Maleski Charles Miller James Miller Agnes Mark Jessie Mark Margaret Mark Henry Marshall Charles Mitchel Emily Nelson Dorothy Nicholson Genevieve Novak





Josephine Nagonery Agnes Pearson John Platt Mary Patrosky Ruth Phillips Gladys Pierce Gladys Powers Andrew Reed Steve Rosio

Frances Rudolph Grace Rupert William Shaffer David Shaffer Sanafee Shako Zella Smiley Reuben Solada George Shark Gerald Shrawver

Henry Smith Raymond Smith Lloyd Seyler William Schwartz Edna Serzingia Lillian Taylor Kenneth Tomb Helen Thompson Josephine Vataha

Raymond Vickland Stella Wajtaszik Esther Walk Ruth Walburn Ethel Waggett Ruth Waggett Ruby Yount Lavilla Zilliox

. . .

Soph.—"When do you work the hardest?"
Bright Freshie—"Before breakfast, of course."
Soph—"What do you do?"
Bright Freshie—"Try to get out of bed."

American Tourist (watching Vesuvius in eruption)—"Great snakes! It reminds me of Hades."

English Tourist (looking at him in amazement)—"My word! You Americans do go everywhere."

Young Woman—"And whose little boy are you?"
Freshman—"Be yourself! Whose sweet mama are you?"

Miss Jones—"Spell cloth, Thomas."
Thomas A.—(Silent).
Miss Jones—"What is your coat made of?"
Thomas A.—"Dad's old trousers."

Darrel C.—"William the Conqueror landed in England in 1066 A. D." Miss Wolfe—"Darrel, what does A. D. stand for?" Darrel—"Why, after dark, of course."

Raymond S.—"Father, what do they mean by gentlemen farmers?"
Mr. Smith—"Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."





## Poet's Corner

Hush little classmates, Let us not sigh, We will be Seniors By and by.

## The Freshmen

Who is it, when though the day be long Will go along with a merry song?

The Freshmen of '31!

Who is it, when it rains all day, Will help to drive the blues away? The Freshmen of '31!

Who is it, when once their work they begin Will work away until they win?

The Freshmen of '31!

-Geraldine Lyons, '31.

## The Jolly Freshmen

When the day is dark and dreary,
And you haven't a thing to do,
Who is it that will cheer you?
The Freshmen, that is who.
They are always singing
Some merry song;
Ne'er a thought of sadness
The whole day long.

What's the use of pining
All the day long,
When you may as well be joining
The world with a song?
For you cannot live always,
You must not forget,
Why not come to the Freshmen
Who are always full of pep?

-Geraldine Lyons, '31.



## **Enoch Arden**

Time, 1885.

#### CHARACTERS

Annie Lee, A fair girl of the port Enoch Arden, A rough sailor lad Philip Ray, A miller's son

Jim Arden, A son of Enoch's Miriam Lane, An Innheeper John Ray, A son of Philips

Mary Arden, A daughter of Enoch's

#### ACT 1.

(Scene: Annie, a small girl of 7 or 8 years; Enoch, a small boy of 10 or 11 years; and Philip, a small boy of 9 or 10 years, are playing on the beach. Enoch and Annie are seated side by side, and Philip is seated a short distance away. As soon as he gets his bucket full of sand he goes over to Enoch and Annie.)

Philip-"Here, Enoch, what will I do with this sand I have?"

Enoch—"Dump it right there" (points).

(Philip dumps it.)

Enoch-"Now go and get some water."

Philip-"All right, I will." (Exit Philip.)

Enoch (pointing) - "Do you see that ship away out there, Annie?"

Annie-"Yes, Enoch, whose is it?

Enoch—"I don't know whose ship it is, but my father is on it."

(Enter Philip.)

Philip—"It is my turn to sit by Annie's side, Enoch.

Enoch-"She is my wife, though."

Philip-"Mine too."

Enoch (rising)—"This is my wife and I shall sit beside her as long as I want to."

Philip (beginning to cry)—"I hate you, Enoch Arden."

Annue (weeping)—"Don't quarrel over me, boys. I will be little wife to both."

(Voice outside calling)—"Annie! Annie!"
Annie—"There is mother calling, I must go."

(Exit Annie.)

Philip—"You let my little wife alone."

Enoch—"She is my wife, not yours."

#### (Curtain.)

(Scene: Annie and Enoch are sitting side by side on a log. Enoch is holding Annie's hand. Time—20 years later.)

Enoch-"Do you love me, Annie?"

Annie-"Yes, Enoch, you know I do."

Enoch-"Then won't you marry me?"

Annie-"Oh Enoch!"

(Enter Philip unseen.)

Enoch-"I love you, Annie."

Annie—"Then I will marry you."



Philip—"My hour of doom has struck."

Annie—"I am getting cold sitting here, let's go home."

(Curtain)

(Scene: Annie is busy at the table; Enoch is lying on the bed; two small babies are sleeping on a cot. Time—4 years later.)

Annie (coming over to where Enoch is lying)—"How are you feeling, Enoch

dear?"

Enoch—"Not very well just now. My leg is hurting me considerably, but don't worry about me."

Annie-"Tell me how it happened."

Enoch—"There isn't much to tell. The captain asked me to climb a high rigging and tie a rope that was loose. The gale was blowing high and when I was tying a rope, the board I was standing on gave way and I fell and broke my leg."

Annie-"My! How terrible!"

Enoch—"The only thing that worries me is that I am afraid that I will be laid up for a month or so, and that man I was telling you about will get my trade, and you and the children will have to go hungry. But you won't have to go hungry for a while yet, anyway."

Annie-"But we don't have any money."

Enoch-"Oh, yes we do. I sold my boat."

Annie-"Oh, Enoch!"

Enoch-"I had to, dear."

Annie-"Yes, I suppose you did."

Enoch—"I think we had better pray for a job for me and help me to get well."

Annie—"Yes, let's." (Annie is kneeling by Enoch's bed as curtain is drawn.)

(Scene: Annie's sitting room. Time-a month later.)

(Enter Enoch hurriedly.)

Enoch—"Annie! Annie!" (Enter Annie.)

Annie-"Yes, Enoch; what is it?"

Enoch—"I have gotten a job."

Annie-"Oh, good!"

Enoch—"Our prayer has been answered. You know that ship that is sailing for China soon? Well, they need a coxswain, so I am going."

Annie-"Oh, Enoch; I would never see you again."

Ench-"Oh, yes you will; I will be back."

Annie-"When does it sail?"

Enoch-"A week from today."

Annie-"But how could I keep myself and the children?"

Enoch-"I am going to build you a store and you can sell goods."

Annie-"Well, I suppose it's the only thing to do."

(Curtain.)

(Scene: 1 week later. Two suit-cases are on the floor.) Enoch—"Well, I go today."





Annie—"Yes, this is the day. I shall bring out the babies for you to kiss good-bye."

Enoch—"Bring all but John; he needs all the rest he can get." (Exit Annie and returns in a moment with the children.)

Annie-"Here they are." (Enoch kisses each of them.)

Annie (holding out a curly lock of John's hair)—"Here take this to remember John by."

Enoch (taking it)—"I will carry it with me always. Now I must go." (He kisses Annie, gathers up satchels and goes out.)

#### (Curtain.)

(Scene: Annie is sitting back of a counter. The shelves around her are loaded with goods. Time—6 years later.)

Annie—"Oh, I knew I would never see Enoch again; and now Mary, Jimmy and I will have to starve. It is a good thing Johnny died, it saved him a lot of trouble. I might make enough to keep us alive at some other trade, but when those poor, half-frozen little boys come in and beg, I can't refuse them, and I can't lie about the goods I am selling. Even now I am selling my things cheaper than the original cost. I would never take anything that is charity."

(Voice outside) - "Mamma! Mamma!"

Annie-"There are the children calling for me. I must go."

(Scene: Annie's living room. Philip is present.)

Philip—"Well, I came in spite of all the old gossips. I had to see Annie. I suppose everybody will be talking about me. Annie and the children would be starved now if I hadn't sent them that flour and the vegetables. By the way, I wonder where Annie is? I have been waiting quite a while. (Calling) Annie! Annie!" (Enter Annie.)

Annie-"Oh, Philip; I didn't know you were here."

Philip—"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you. Will you let me put the children in school?"

Annie-"Oh, Philip, would you?"

Philip—"Gladly, Annie, gladly."

Philip-"Enoch has been gone 6 years, hasn't he?"

Annie-"Oh, Philip."

Philip—"Please, Annie."

Annie—"Give me time. Give me a year, and then if he hasn't came, I'll marry you."

Philip-"Thank you, Annie."

(Scene: A man whose clothes are made of animal skins, his face is covered with whiskers and he has a long beard. He is sitting on top of a hill. The man is Enoch. A parrot is sitting beside him. Time—6 years later.)

Enoch—"Well, Polly, we've been here 12 years and haven't seen a sail. I am rich, but it does me no good here. If I could only get some of it to Annie I would be contented. When my two comrades died 10 years ago, I was left alone, so I caught you and tamed you for company, Polly. The only people I've seen since were some cannibals from whom I barely escaped alive. (Shades eyes and looks off in the distance.) I see a sail! A sail! (Takes off coat and waves it.) They see me. I am saved!"



#### ACT III.

(Scene: Annie's living room. Annie, Philip, Mary, Jim and Philip's baby are present.)

Philip—"Well, how is our baby getting along?"

Annie-"Just fine, and he never cries."

Jimmy-"We like him loads, don't we, Mary?"

Mary-"Oh, yes; loads and loads."

(Enter Enoch, unseen.)

Enoch—"Oh! So she has married Philip. Well, it was the best and only thing to do. (Bowing head.) Oh, Lord, give me strength not to tell her that I am alive.

—Amen."

#### (Curtain.)

(Scene: Enoch is lying in bed. Enter Miriam with medicine.)

Miriam-"Here, drink this and you will feel better."

Enoch (shoving it away)—"Miriam, promise me you won't tell what I am going to tell you till after I am dead."

Miriam-"Don't talk foolishly. You will soon be well."

Enoch-"Do you promise?"

Miriam-"Yes."

Enoch-"Did you know this Arden?"

Miriam—"Yes, he was a fine big, strong man. He carried his head high and cared for no man."

Enoch—"I am he."

Miriam—"Oh, no! Arden was a foot taller than you."

Enoch—"No; the weariness and gales and the hand of God have bent me down to what I am now."

Miriam—"Oh, I see; and I will not tell."

Enoch (springing up)—"A sail! A sail! I am saved!" (Falls back dead.)

Miriam—"Yes, Enoch, you are saved."

(Curtain.)

-Henry Smith, '31.

\* \* \*

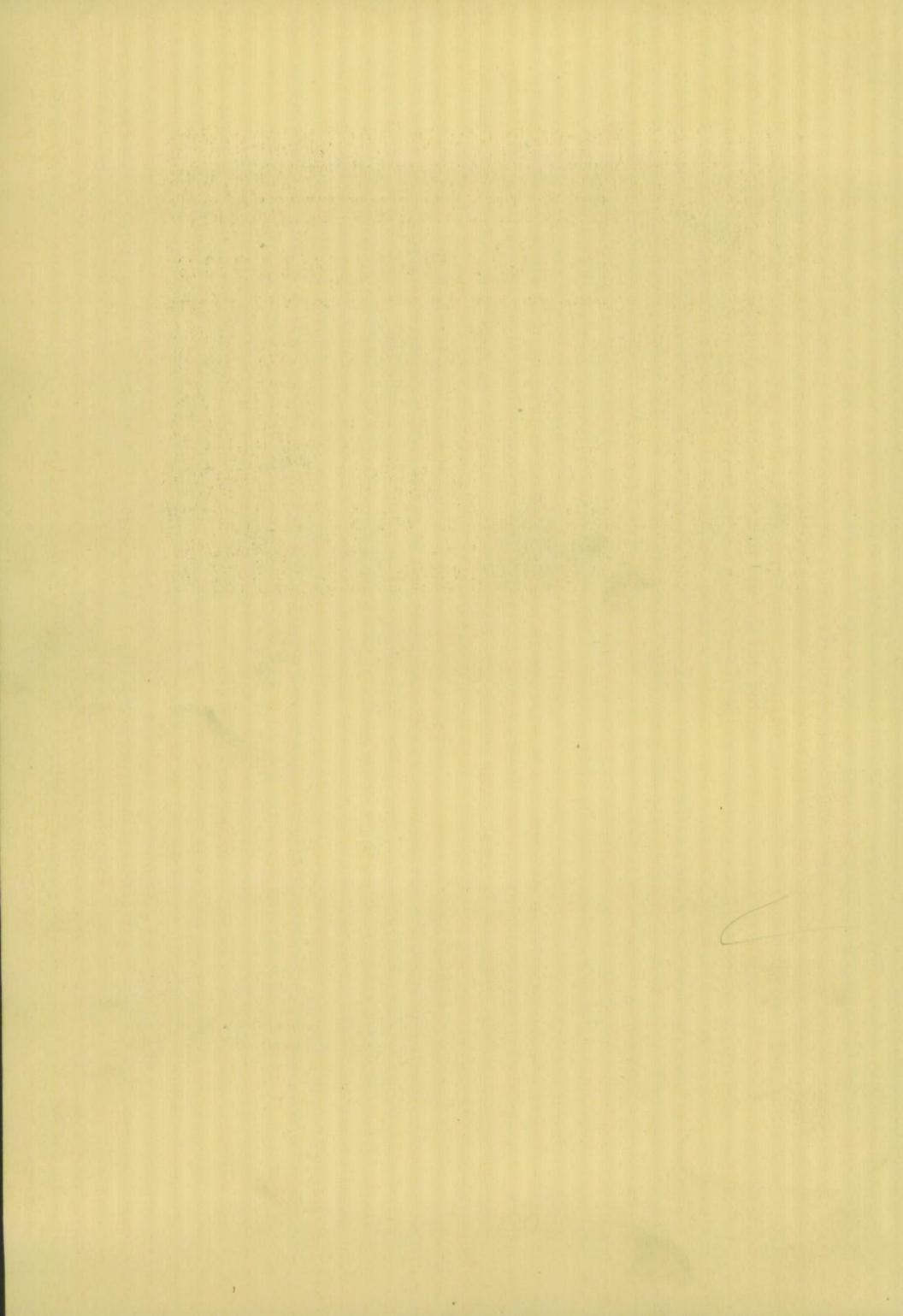
Kieth—"Do you really want me to come over?"

Mary P.—"Yes, you must come over; I'm so lonesome since my gold fish died."

Miss Wolfe—"Use the right verb in this sentence, 'The toast was drank in silence'." Freshman—"The toast was ate in silence."

Mr. Adams—"Make a distinction between human and animal families."
Mary P.—"A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

# 3 Organizations &





## Girls' Hi-Y Club

#### PURPOSE

TO create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character."

#### SLOGAN

"Clean speech, clean sports, clean scholarship and clean life."

#### **OFFICERS**

PresidentFlorence Rhodes
Vice PresidentRachel Pifer
Treasurer
SecretaryJune Miles
Asst. Secretary
Reporter
Adviser Miss Maude Wolfe

#### **MEMBERS**

Seniors—Margaret Cook, Bessie Griffith, Inez Griffith, Florence Jones, Vivian Kelly, Jessie Killila, Edna McHenry, Christina Nelson, Mary Pettit, Florence Rhodes. Juniors—Chrystal Berteaux, Alberta Chatfield, Minnie Clark, Nora Jones, Bessie Kessler, Virginia Killila, Christina Lewis, June Miles, Rachel Pifer, Mary Plant, Gladys Patterson, Lillian Peterson, Maxine Ross, Betty Simpson, Frances Waggett, Mary Woika.



On September the fourteenth, Mr. Rounsley called a meeting at the high school to make arrangements for the coming year. The date of the meetings to be every Thursday. The number of members then was ten. At the present time the number has increased to twenty-eight.

September 23-Miss Maude Wolfe was chosen as our Club Adviser.

September 30-Prof. Hackenberg gave an interesting talk.

October 7——A wiener roast was held at the Union Outing Club. Teachers and our boy friends were invited.

October 13-Four new members added to our club.

November 10-Speaker, Mr. George Herrold.

November 14—Five new members added.

November 17-Social meeting at the "Y".

December 1-Four members added.

December 8—A Towel Shower was held for the "Y". Interesting talks were given by Miss H. Janet Cutler and Miss Helen G. Bailey.

December 15—A Christmas Dinner was held at the "Y". The program for the evening was:

Song by Club, "Joy to the World."

Talks by Mr. E. T. Adams and Miss Mae Jones.

Solo by June Miles.

Talks by Mr. Geo. Herrold and Miss Janet Cutler.

Song by Club, "Jingle Bells."

Talks by Prof. Hackenberg, Miss Maude Wolfe and Mr. Rounsley.

Song by Club, "Silent Night."

There was an inter-changing of Christmas gifts.

January 5—A meeting was held at the "Y" for the purpose of making rules and regulations for the new year.

January 11—We were guests at a dinner given by our Hi-Y boys at the high school.

January 19—Bible Study at the "Y", conducted by Mr. Rounsley.

January 24-We were guests at a dinner given by DuBois Hi-Y Girls at the "Y".

February 2—Business meeting.

February 9-Bible Study, conducted by Rev. Locke.

February 16—Inspirational talk by Supt. W. W. Spigelmyer.

February 23—Bible Study, conducted by Mrs. Iams.

March 1—Business meeting and initiation.

March 8-Social meeting.

March 15-We entertained our Boys' Hi-Y at a dinner.

April 12-Inspirational talk given by Miss Edna Rhodes.

April 19—Bible Study by members of the Club.

April 26—Social and Theatre Party.

May 3—Business meeting, having cleared up the business for the year 1927-1928.

May 10—Annual election of officers.

May 17—Annual Banquet.



# Boys' Hi-Y Club

#### **PURPOSE**

TO create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character."

#### SLOGAN

"Clean Speech, clean Sports, clean Scholarship and clean Living."

#### **OFFICERS**

PresidentBlaine L. Gent
Vice PresidentPaul Howard
Treasurer Emery J. Bailey
Secretary
AdviserProf. Joseph L. Hackenberg
Adviser William Rounsley, Y. M. C. A.

#### **MEMBERS**

Seniors-Herbert Spigelmyer, Robert Divins, James Carns, Paul Lewis, George K. Scott, Frank Malasky, Blaine Gent.

Juniors-John Ashenfelter, Edgar Brasseur, Paul Kline, Earl Rupert, Keith Bertioux.

Sophomores-Donald Divins, Ernest Dessey, Leroy Logan, John Stanton, William Pifer.



# FLAMBEAU



The Boys' Hi-Y Club held its first business meeting, October 1, 1927, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Those elected were: President, Blaine L. Gent; vice president, Paul Howard; secretary, Charles A. Powers; treasurer, Emery J. Bailey; adviser, Prof. Joseph L. Hackenberg.

On October 8, the next meeting was called by President Gent. It was for the pur-

pose of discussing the business projects for the year.

Our club decided to take an active part in backing all school projects.

The boys entertained the Girls' Club to a scrumptuous dinner on January 4, 1928, tor a little get-together meeting. Our friend, Mr. Rounsley, was the chief speaker of the affair.

The boys of the club are developing into expert cooks. Miss Cutler, our Vocational teacher, has arranged a cooking class for the Hi-Y boys. (Watch out, girls.)

Our club is now looking forward to graduation and a big banquet to send the Senior members out into the cold, cold world.

#### **JOKES**

James Carns—"Hey, Em, pass the beans." Em Bailey—"I can't; you have them all on your plate now."

Bill Rounsley—"And furthermore, folks, we have a real two fisted man in our midst (referring to Ed. Brasseur). What he can't shovel in his mouth with one hand he sure can with the other."

Bill Pifer (to man in Turkish bath parlor)—"Say, somebody stole my trousers."
Man—"You say somebody stole your trousers; are you sure?"

Bill P .- "Yes, sir."

Man—"All right, swear out an affidavit that you had 'em with you when you entered the bath and we will see what we can do for you."

Bill P .- "All right, give me a pen and paper."

Moral-Dumb? Not at all.

Ernie Dessy—"Was it love at first sight."
Rink Divins—"Who, me? No, it was on my way home."

Johnny Ashenfelter—"What's one-half of one-third, Mr. Hackenberg? I gotta get it for Algebra."

Mr. Hackenberg-"Ah, don't bother; whatever it is it isn't very much."

Paul Kline—"Do you like Beethovan's works?"
Frank Malasky—"Never visited them. What's he manufacture?"

Enoch Rupert—"Say 'Wag,' I've been sitting here for an hour and a half, and this vanishing cream hasn't moved yet."



# **Orchestra Characteristics**

N		
Name	Instrument	By-Word
Miss Jones	Director	"That was fine"
Rachel Pifer	Piano	"Are you ready"
Paul Howard	Violin	"What's the matter now"
Genevieve Clark	Violin	"Huh!"
Edna Sederiena	Violin	"Sure"
Maxine Ross	Saxaphone	"Oh! Gee!"
Rodney Schoch	Clarinet	"Aw! Come on"
Herbert Spigelmyer	Trumpet	"Now wasn't that nice?"
Gaynell Platt	Trumpet	"I don't like that"
John Ashenfelter	French Horn	"Which one?"
Paul Vandervort	Drums	"Yeh, I know"

The prospects for an orchestra weren't very bright at the beginning of the year. But some of the students got together and called on Miss Jones as director, and so, under her direction, we have a fine orchestra.

The members of the orchestra wish to thank Paul Vandervort and Tim Sykes for their time and trouble. Although not members of Sandy High School they gave their best to the school, in the form of music, besides playing for plays at the High School The orchestra has played for many other entertainments in DuBois. A few of the places were: Knights of Pythias; the Knights of Malta, and the Mt. Zion Church; and for a play given by the Pythian Sisters.

-John Ashenfelter, '28.



# Nitwegi Club

THE W. M. H. of the Senior Class of 1928 held their first meeting on September 5, 1927, for the purpose of electing new officers. The following officers were elected:

President	Inez Griffith
Secretary	.Florence Rhodes
TreasurerOlive Carbaugh,	later Mary Pettit
Reporter	Vivian Kelly

The Club meetings were as follows:

October 4, 1927, held at the home of Betty Logan, when our new Motto, "Lafilo," and our new name, "Nitwegi" was selected. The meaning of each will be kept secret. Miss Bailey was elected as our Adviser.

October 17, 1927 a meeting was held at the home of Martha Sturm.

November 1, 1927, the regular meeting was held at the home of Mary Pettit in the form of a Hallowe'en party. Each member invited a friend. A fine time was enjoyed by all.

November 18, 1927, a meeting was held at the home of Inez Griffith.

Many other meetings of importance were held in the Senior room.

A fine program was given by the Club in the High School Auditorium December

22, which was enjoyed by all.

The Club held a Valentine party February 14 in the High School Auditorium. The Senior class was invited, and an enjoyable evening was spent by all. At a late hour a



#### FLAMBEAU



delicious lunch was served.

We are are planning for many more good times before we break our school day chain.

We are planning to initiate a few of the Sophomore girls into our club, that they may maintain throughout the school our club spirit for two more years, in which we hope they will be successful.

-Vivian Kelly '28

. . .

The Nitwegi Club of Sandy High,
Was the W M H of days gone by,
Although we have changed our name, you see,
We are still the same old club and always will be

We always have a good time you know,
No matter what we do or where we go,
But now our terms end day by day
When each shall travel on their way.

But you will think of Nitwegi I know And what it meant to you, Our thoughts reciprocal will flow Our good times we'll review.

-Vivian Kelly, '28

. . .

Wag (at hotel while at State)—"Gosh, but I'm thirsty."
Waiter—"Just a minute and I'll get you some water."
Wag—"I said thirsty, not dirty."

Mixed Dates.

Mick—"Do you love me, darling?" Edna—"Of course I do, Herbert."

Mick-"Herbert! My name's Arthur."

Edna—"Why, so it is! I keep thinking that today is Monday."

Miss Bailey—"Why are you not writing?"
John Ash.—"I ain't got no pen."
Miss Bailey—"Where's your grammar?"
John—"She's dead."

Mr. Hackenberg—"What was that noise?"
George Scott—"A kid with balloon trousers sat on a tack,"



# C. K. C. Club Notes

TUNE in and get something new. Try station C. K. C.
This is a new station, that was just opened September 14, 1927.

New things do not always prove successful, but before we sign off we are sure you will be well pleased with our program. The speakers of the evening will be the Junior girls.

Mary Plant, our President good and true To shirk her work, she'll never do.

Vice President Rachel Pifer, so tall
To act as President is sometimes her call.

Secretary Nora Jones, is very fleet
Though she sometimes comes to club with wet feet.

Alberta Chatfield is our club Treasurer, Though she doesn't often share our pleasurers.

No better advisors for the C. K. C. Than Miss Bailey and Miss Jones can be.



# FLAMBEAU



A successful program that was broadcasted by C. K. C. in November consisted of the following:

Humorous ReadingFrances Waggett
A Big StuntRuth Erickson
Vocal Solo June Miles
Mother Goose Rhymns
Monologue
Demonstration of the Black Bottom
C. K. C. PaperLillian Peterson
Pipe Organ Stunt C. K. C. Girls
Paper on Thanksgiving
Selections
Impromptu Speeches.

\* \* \*

Rachel Pifer—"My father is a member of the ruling family of England."

Betty Simpson—"You've got nothing over me, mine is a member of the Anti-Saloon League of America."

Paul Howard—"Do you think you can learn to love me."
Mary Plant—"I don't know, but I wouldn't mind taking the chance."

Frances Waggett—"Sam told me I was one girl in a million."
Christina Lewis—"My word! You didn't expect to be two, did you?"

Miss Wilfe—"How come you laughed all night?"
Margaret Cook—"I'm ticklish, and I slept on a feather bed."

Crystal Berteaux—"What's become of that basketball player who used to be around here so much?"

Mary Pettit-"I had to penalize him five nights for holding."

Keith Berteaux—"Why do you quarrel with me like this?"
Mary Pettit—"Why dear, because it's such fun to kiss and make up afterwards."

Herbert Spigelmyer—"We're having a party tonight. Won't you come along?" "Floss" Jones—"Oh, I can't; I haven't a thing to wear." Herbert—"That's all right, this is a blind date."

Charles Powers—"Yes, sir; I think all the goods made in foreign lands should be labeled."

Blaine Gent—"Well, I don't; I have no wish to see my girl with a 'Made in Germany' sign attached to her."



# Flambeau Staff

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# "Cheer Up Chad"

CHEER UP CHAD" was given last year by the Junior Class of Sandy High School.

The play drew one of the biggest crowds that ever attended a play at Sandy.

# CAST

Chad Barnett
Ramsey Fullerton
Sam Warren
Dexter Paul Lewis
Lawyer BunkerRussell London
June Crawford
Sadie Jackson
Susie Florence Jones
Mrs. Burton Edna McHenry
Vivian Westerman
—Herbert Spigelmyer.



# "A Regiment of Two"

A REGIMENT OF TWO" was the Flambeau play. It was presented in the High School Auditorium, Wednesday, February 22, 1928, under the able supervision of Miss Wolfe and Mr. Hackenberg.

The play was a very clever farce in three acts. Each member of the cast did his best to make the play a success, and displayed splendid talent.

#### CAST

Arthur Sewall
Ira Wilton Emery Bailey
Harry Brentworth
Reginald Dudley Edgar Brasseur
Jim BucknerCharles Powers
Conrad MelzarGeorge Scott
Grace Sewall Isobelle Shobert
Eliza Wilton
Laura Wilton
Lena Edna Sirzegia

—Herbert Spigelmyer



# "The End of the Lane"

THE END OF THE LANE" is a three act comedy which was given by the Faculty of Sandy High School on November 21 and 22, 1928.

CAST					
Jim DenverEugene Adams					
Harry Sanders					
John Randal					
Bud NixJ. L. Hackenberg					
Messenger Boy					
Coral Randal					
Ma Randal					
Ellen Seabright					
Martha Elizabeth Ann					
Bessie Reed					
Mrs. Kate SandersJanet Cutler					
—Herbert Spigelmyer.					

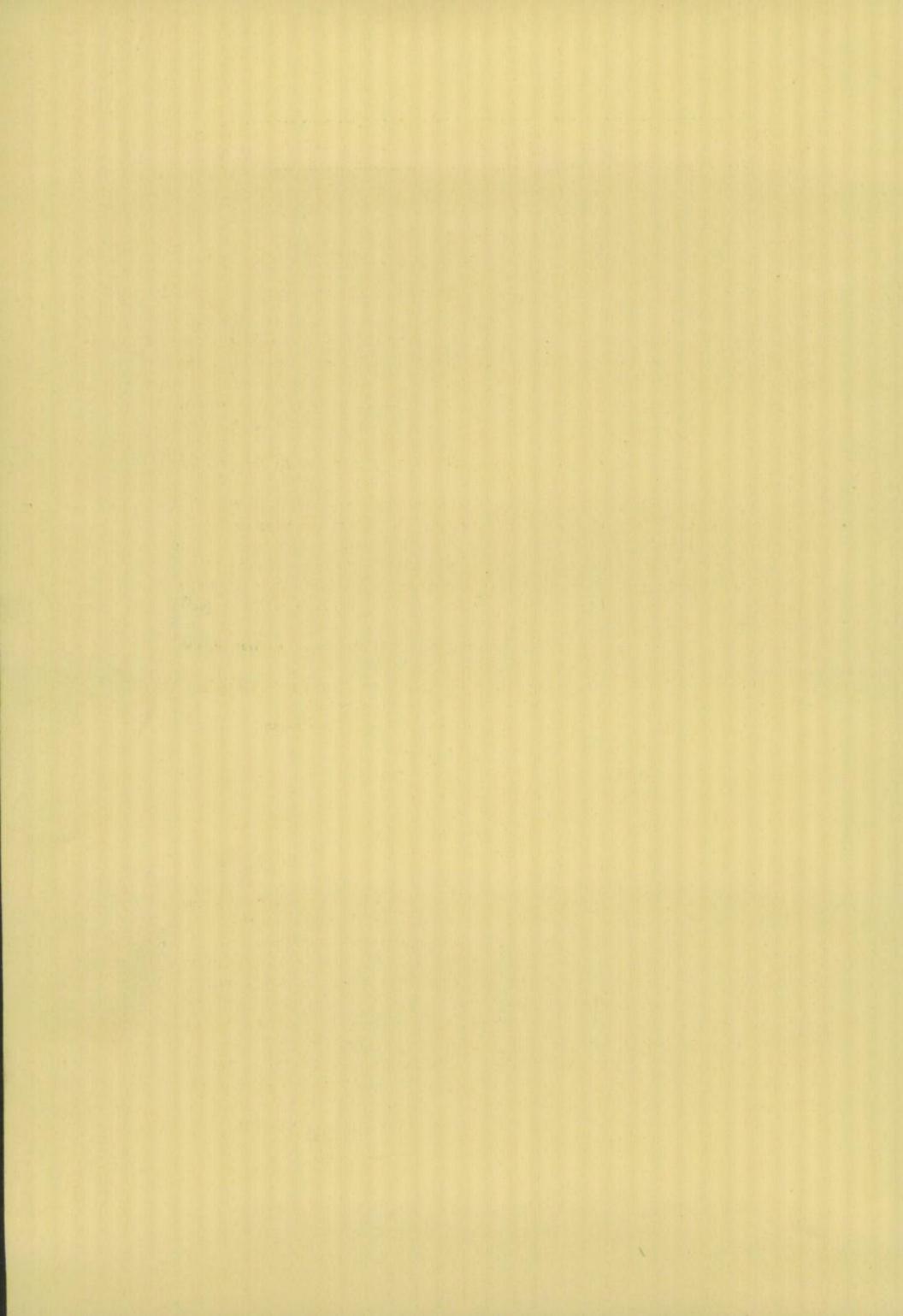


# "Deal Them Over"

DEAL THEM OVER" is to be given by the Senior Class of Sandy High School Friday night, May 25. It is a mystery play. It keeps you in suspense all the way. It starts with a mysterious shipment of a mummy to a home in New York City, and the mystery is not cleared up until the end of the play. It is expected to be one of the best given in Sandy. Come and see it.

CAST
Charles Montrose
Ralph Keller
Samuel Fowler
"Daddy" Nichols Emery Bailey
Belham
Traves Blaine Gent
Bill Clark James Carns
Ivy Phillips Vivian Kelly
Virginia Lawrence
Evelyn Clark
Mrs. MiddletonBetty Logan
Petunia PeachblossomEdna McHenry
—Herbert Spigelmyer.

# Athletics &







# **Athletics**

# **Basketball Notes**

B ASKETBALL started out with a bang this year, under the direction of our new principal, Mr. Hackenberg, who has been doing great work this year with the team.

Sandy opened their season with DuBois High School and was defeated by the score of 31 to 25. Sandy had the game in the bag. When there were four minutes to play D. H. S. spurted and overcome the 3 point lead which Sandy held over them, and defeated us by the sum of six points. We hope to meet D. H. S. on our playing floor in the near future.

Sandy journeyed to Houtzdale and there suffered another defeat by the score of 31 to 18.

State College High ended our trips, we being defeated by the score of 31 to 21.

Sandy put up a good fight in the three non-league games and we were all set for the league opening on December 2, 1927, with Horton Township.

Sandy opened their league by defeating Horton by the score of 41 to 10.

Coach Hackenberg found a few weak points which were all ironed out for the game at Falls Creek the following Friday. Falls Creek was leading by the score of 14 to 9 when Sandy Hi protested.

The Friday following the Falls Creek game we played Brockway at the Central Y. M. C. A., defeating them by a score of 28 to 22.

During the first half of the season Sandy won four games and lost two and protested against Falls Creek, which has not been settled by the directors.

Sandy won and lost to the following teams in the first half of the League:

Sandy 41, Horton 10-At Home.

Sandy—Protest—Falls Creek—Away.

Sandy 26, Brockway 22—At Home.

Sandy 33, Sigel 12—Away.

Sandy 19, Union 22—Away.

Sandy 29, Beechwoods 27—At Home.

Sandy 34, Snyder 54—Away.

Sandy has yet to lose a game on their own floor. We will also try to get revenge on the teams that have defeated us when we play them on the Y. M. C. A. floor.

Sandy hopes and will try to do better the second half of the league.

The Sandy girls started their basketball career this season under the coaching of Miss J. Cutler, who, working with all new members who have never played basketball before, has had a hard time putting a winning team on the floor, although the girls deserve credit for trying to win their games. There are but a few of the girls that graduate this year and they should put a winning team on the floor the coming season.

The girls have yet to win a game, but there are seven more league games and the girls are improving every game. They will play four games at home and we all look forward to their winning at least two of the games and we all wish them the best of luck.

The following table is how the Sandy boys scored during the first eight games:



#### FLAMBEAU



	Field Goals.	Foal Goals.	Total
Divins, F	25	13-22	65
Gent, F	23	8-16	55
Brasseur, C	38	2-5	78
Pifer, G	6	4-13	16
Powers, G	5	2- 3	12
Spigelmyer, F	8	4- 7	20
Howard, F	0	0- 0	0
Bailey, C	2	0- 0	4
Benyon, G	0	0- 2	0
Rupert, G	0	0- 0	0
Anderson, C	0	0- 0	0
Anderson, C	0	0- 0	0
Dessy, F	0	0- 0	0
		22.67	240
Total	107	33-67	240
Opponents	80	17-50	177

The following men will be eligible for the captaincy of the team next year: Howard, Brasseur, Pifer, Benyon.

The following men will return next year, and should produce a winning team: Howard, Brasseur, Pifer, Benyon, Rupert, Anderson and Dessey.

# **Track and Baseball Notes**

The Sandy Hi Boys have had in their school in the past two years, inter-scholastic Baseball, which caused much excitement during the summer days. The cup presented by Mr. G. W. Herrold was won by the Class of 1929 in 1926, and won by the class of 1928 in 1927. The Senior boys hope to repeat and win the cup for the second year.

Four years ago Sandy Hi abandoned organized Baseball and Track, which we

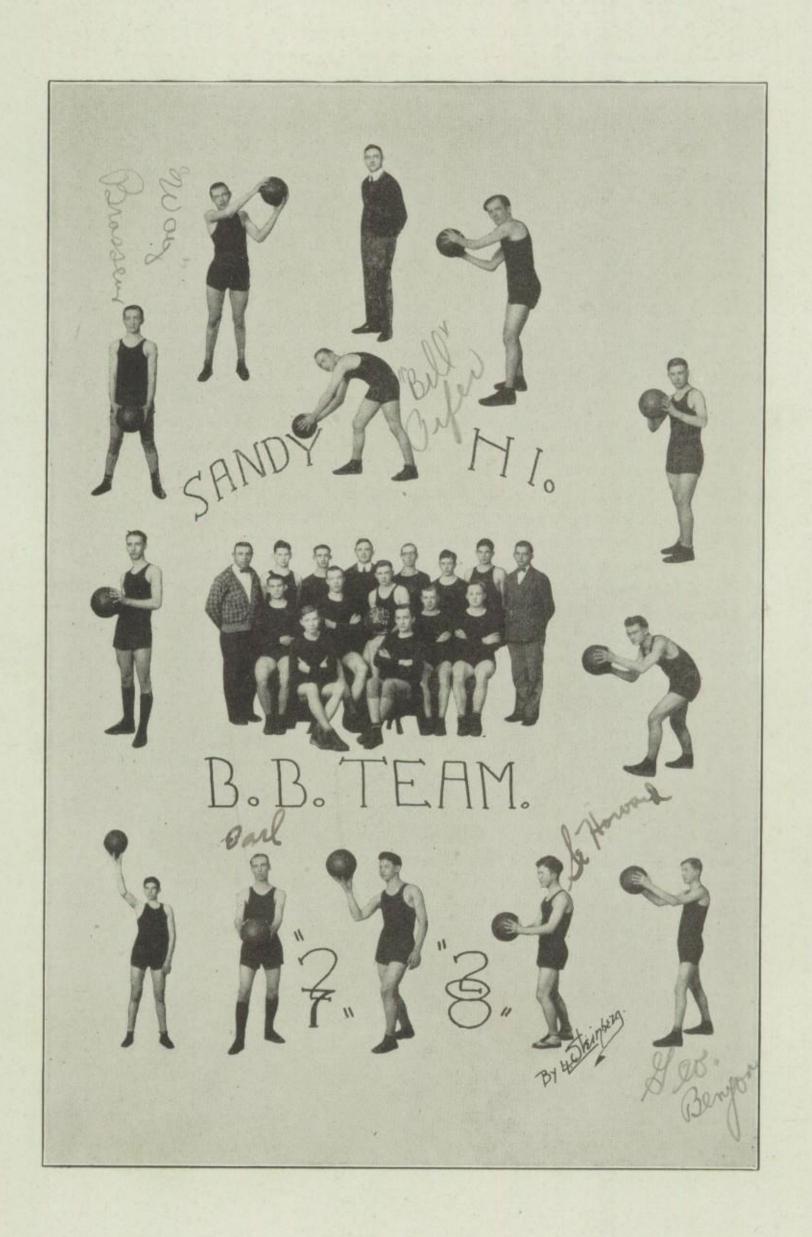
hope to bring back into the limelight again this season.

Most of our High boys are inexperienced men in the line of track, but we promise a good bunch of sprinters and long distance men, not to mention the broad and height jumpers that we have. The fellows who are playing basketball should and will be in fine shape for the track after the closing games.

Coach Hackenberg has been doing good work with the boys in the past five months and we can look for it in the future. He has a great influence over the boys and he can

expect good work from us all.

The material for the baseball team will be much better than that for the track team. A few fellows playing on some fast boys' teams during the past two or three seasons should cop the regular positions on the team. The main positions on the team will be on the mound, which will be hard to fill on account of lack of pitchers in Sandy Hi. We have fielders and infielders who can hold down the positions back of the moundsmen. We only need a couple of fair pitchers and seven men behind him and one in front of him to win baseball games. We will try to do our best and display a winning team both in baseball and track.







# Girls' Basketball Notes

U NDER the coaching of Miss H. J. Cutler, Sandy High has an organized Girls' Basketball team. This is the first time in four years that Sandy has had a girls' team.

Working under difficulties such as would seriously affect teams older than ours, Sandy has fought through to the end.

In the beginning of the season, we could not interest more than ten girls in the whole school in basketball, even though there are more girls than boys in our school.

For each position on the boys' team there were three players, and it was a difficult matter to pick out the final team.

After we had lost several games by a large score we began to realize that we must have more interest. Fortunately the boys came to our rescue and succeeded in interesting more girls. This was after we had played half of our league games.

Then we were struck by "below" grades at the end of the first semeter. Through

it all we have "stuck" together and played our best for the school.

We are sorry that we cannot bring home the laurels as the boys do. We hope that

by the time we have played as long as they have we will do as well.

The girls on the regular varsity team are: rf., Elizabeth Malasky; lf., Lavilla Zilleox; c., Mary Woika; sc., Esther Walk; guards, Florence Jones, Helen Thompson and Mary Pettit.

The substitutes are: sc., Emily Nelson; f., Frances Guiher; guard, Gaynell Platt. There are five girls eligible for letters. They are: Elizabeth Malasky, Florence

Jones, Helen Thompson, Lavilla Zilleox, Esther Walk.

Next season we expect to have a good team in spite of the fact that Mary Pettit and Florence Jones are graduating.

-Florence Jones, '28.

\* \* \*

Paul Lewis—"When is your birthday?"
Florence Rhodes—"When will be the most convenient for you?"

Traffic Cop—"Come on! What's the matter with you?" Frank M.—"I'm well, thanks, but me engine's dead."

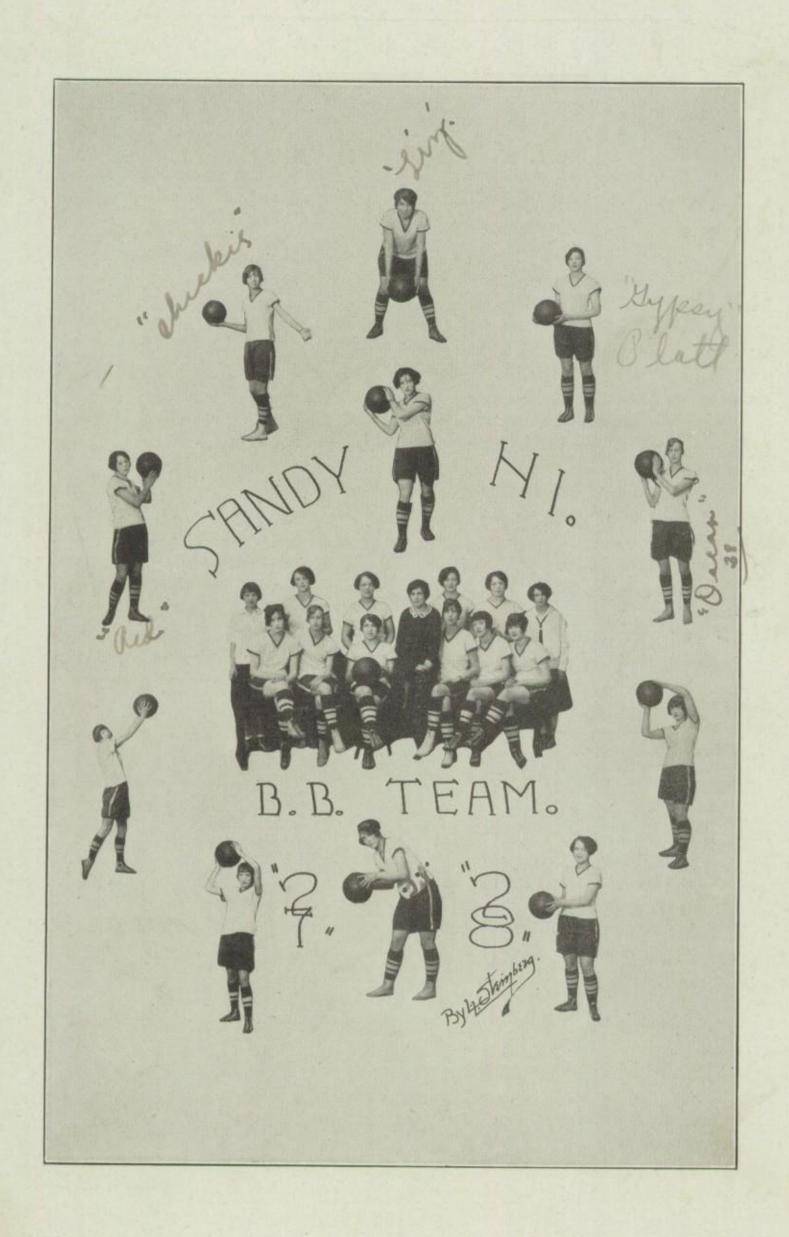
June Miles—"Mamma, did Moses have the same after dinner complaint that daddy has?"

Mrs. Miles-"Why no, what makes you ask?"

June—"Well, it says here that the Lord gave Moses some tablets."

Porter-"This train goes to Buffalo and points East."

Bessie Kessler—"Well, I want a train that goes to Syracuse and I don't care which way it points."



# FLAMBEAU



# **Alumni Notes**

A goodly number of our graduates are students of higher educational schools. Some of them are:

Frederick Engell, '25—University of Pennsylvania.

Dan Lewis, '25—University of Pennsylvania.

Harry Robertson, '27—Grove City College.

Leolin Hays, '24—Susquehanna University.

Ruth Lewis, '27—Clarion Teachers' College.

Helen Smith, '27—Indiana State Teachers' College.

Florence Waggett, '27—Clarion Teachers' College.

Helen Howard, '27—Grove City College.

Alvin Brown, '26—DuBois Business College.

Gladys Dunlap, '27—DuBois Business College.

The following of our Alumni are teaching school:

Nora Bailey, '25—Clear Run.

Nell Gent, '24—Wilson Building.

Melva Leach, '26—Edgemont.

Avis Hetrick, '25—Falls Creek.

Jake Jones, '24—Clearfield.

Crystal Dodd, '23—Indiana.

George Gifford, '24—Edgemont.

Charles Slattery, '25—Shaffer.

Eliza Kemp, '25—West Liberty.

George Ashenfelter, '24—Oklahoma.

Alice Dodd, '22—Wilson Building.

Mary Minns, '25—Sabula.

Robert Bundy, '17—Brown.

Mary Malasky, '24—Wilson Building.

Mary Malasky, '24—Wilson Building.

Mary Malasky, '24—Wilson Building.

Others are employed in different fields:

Paul Lewis, '26, is located at Oil City.

Ellis Barker, '26, is married and located at Bradford.

Mrs. David McIntosh, '26, formerly Mildred Brooks, is married and resides in DuBois.

Dr. and Mrs. George A. Spencer, '17, are residing in Philadelphia.

Wayne Hoyt, '18, is located in Buffalo.

Helen Coder, '27, is employed in Broadbent-Martin's Store.

Anthony Talasky, '25, is located on a farm near Reading.

-Russell S. Dodd.





# Exchange

With the publication of the "Flambeau" for 1928, we welcome all our exchanges.

"THE MENTOR", St. Catherine's High, DuBois, Pa. Your editorial and literary departments are very good.

"THE JACK-O-LANTERN," Houtzdale, Pa. Your book is very well balanced. Wouldn't a little poetry add to your book?

"ROOSEVELT OUTLOOK", Germantown High, Philadelphia, Pa. Your literary department is very good. We enjoyed your jokes very much.

"THE ECHO," Curwensville, Pa. Your book is very good. Your athletic section is very well balanced.

"THE BEACON," Gloucester, Mass. The editorial and literary departments are very good. We enjoyed your stories very much.

"THE BREEZE," Clearfield, Pa. Your book is excellent. We enjoyed it very much.

"THE CLIPPER", DuBois, Pa. A very interesting book. We enjoyed reading it very much. Your literary department is excellent.

"THE MIRROR," Punxsutawney, Pa. We enjoyed reading your book. Where is your literary department?

"THE NAVTILVS", Mifflinburg, Pa. Your book is very good. Where is your Exchange department?

The following have failed to exchange with us as they did in recent years:

"SUNBURIAN," Sunbury, Pa.

"ORANGE AND BLACK," Hanover, Pa.

"WAH HOO," Allegheny High, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"OSCEOLIAN," Osceola Mills, Pa.

"BLUE AND WHITE," Newport, Pa.

"THE CLARIONETTE," Clarion, Pa.

We would like to have your exchanges very much.

The Exchange Department is a very small one, but it is very valuable, because it enables us to make our book much better each year. It also brings us into closer relationship with other schools.

We enjoyed all of your exchanges and hope to receive them again next year. We thank you very much for your exchanges.

-Herbert Spigelmyer.

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